Jan. 3, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	31	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. Starting Monday, Jan. 3, Carrie Fisher will replace Miss Plummer. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 2.)

Alice in Wonderland—Eva Le Gallienne's adaptation of Carroll's classic work, which Le Gallienne first directed and starred in fifty years ago. A model production, with superb settings by John Lee Beatty and equally superb costumes by Patricia Zipprodt. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Lee Kalcheim's relentlessly jokey and rather disagreeable comedy, set in 1961, about a husband-and-wife team who broadcast daily over WOR while their personal lives collapse into smithereens. The jokes, bright and brutal, are delivered with precision by the company, under Barnet Kellman's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

The Butter and Egg Man—A revival of the 1925 George S. Kaufman play. (Manhattan Punch Line, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Fridays and Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Cats—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats under that name, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—In Michael Cristofer's **black angel**, an ex-Nazi, having served part of his prison sentence, decides to build a house in a small French village, despite menacing protests of the villagers and the urging of the friendly mayor. Much of the play consists of the high-flown, long-winded conversations of ex-Nazi and mayor, but Josef Sommer and Tom Aldredge, respectively, manage to hold our interest. Gordon Davidson directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

Do Lord Remember Me—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Thursdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

Edmond—David Mamet's play about a New York businessman who leaves West Seventy-ninth Street for the Times Square underworld is as hypnotic as a nightmare, although once it is over, a few flaws become apparent. It is very well performed, under Gregory Mosher's direction, by a cast imported from the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago. (11/8/82) (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

84 Charing Cross Road—A sentimental valentine of a non-play about two nice people—a New York writer and a London bookseller—who carry on an affectionate correspondence about secondhand books and, at second hand, about themselves. With Ellen Burstyn and Joseph Maher. (12/20/82) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Extremities—Susan Sarandon in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2.)

Foxfire—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn ar at the top of their form in this rather ramshackle little play about life in the Blu Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia. Th authors of the play are Susan Cooper and Mr Cronyn. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 24 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 3.

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, camp comedy about some movie people on locatio near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82 (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42n St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3; special matiné Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2.)

Good—A melodrama about two Germans, on a Christian and the other a Jew, and wha befalls them under Hitler. The Christia German believes himself to be a good man and isn't; that is the critical failing upo which the plot turns. Admirably enacted by among others, Alan Howard and Gary Waldhorn, under the direction of Howard Davie (10/25/82) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239 6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twent citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest tow in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a ca toon but is also sharp and satiric ar

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
"RECORD ROUNDUP" . . . . *Veronica Geng* 28
"THE EVOLUTION OF BIRDS OF PARADISE" . . . . . *Elizabeth Tallent* 30
"THE VIEW" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Schultz* 32
PROFILES (PRATT, KANSAS) . . . . *Berton Roueché* 37
"CROSSING THE STARS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE" (POEM) . . . . . *Dick Allen* 38
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 51
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 51
THE ART WORLD . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 52
REFLECTIONS (WESTERN EUROPE AND THE U.S.) . . . . . *William Pfaff* 57
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 66
BRIEFLY NOTED 70

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frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamlet—A harmless curiosity, which has an actress named Diane Venora in the title role. (12/13/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7.)

The Holly and the Ivy—An English domestic play that all but stifles in its own gentility. The late Wynyard Browne was the dramatist. Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/82) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND:** Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 7:30, and Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2. . . . ¶ Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE:** New Year's Eve at 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 2, at 4; Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 6-7, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 4 and 8:30. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's deft if unnecessarily didactic play about the immorality of apartheid. Formidably well acted under the author's direction. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mr. Dickens' Christmas Carol—A comic adaptation by Orson Bean, in which he plays Scrooge. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, at 3 and 8.)

Nine—A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Raul Julia is the star. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Plenty—The fascinating heroine of this play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second World War, conducts her own private war against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George N. Martin. (11/1/82) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Present Laughter—Audiences guffaw at this outrageous roughing up of Noël Coward's gentle, well-written comedy, much as if it were a country circus. George C. Scott is the star and director. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

The Showgirl—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday at 8 and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Thursday at 2, and Sunday at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	31	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Snoopy—David Garrison in a musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steaming—Nell Dunn's rather belated description of consciousness-raising among half a dozen women in a London Turkish bath. Judith Ivey gives a sensationally attractive performance as an amateur tart with aspirations to gentility. (12/20/82) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Three Sisters—Even the first-rate actors here assembled cannot bring this humorless production to life, but it has its compensations, all the same. With Diane Wiest, Sam Waterston, and Jack Gilford, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

Top Girls—A play by Caryl Churchill, performed by London's Royal Court Theatre Company. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the admirable director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Twice Around the Park—A pair of one-act plays by Murray Schisgal, made to seem far funnier than they are by the strenuous caperings of Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach. (11/5/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Whodunnit—A play by Anthony Shaffer, first seen in London as "The Case of the Oily Levantine." Directed by Michael Kahn, the cast includes George Hearn, Hermione Baddeley, and Fred Gwynne. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 30. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Yellow Fever—Donald Li in a mystery-comedy by R. A. Shiomi. (28th Street Playhouse, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except New Year's Day, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Jan. 2, at 7:30.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Dukes plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; John Pankow plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With June Havoc as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 8; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 8; and final performance Sunday, Jan. 2, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a remarkable young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,432 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Friday, Jan. 7, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Andy Gibb heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed

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the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs are written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 31, at 3.) . . . ***SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU*** and ***THE ACTOR'S* NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. With Nancy Marchand. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays, except Jan. 2, at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 9; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 9 and midnight; and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 9. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8.30 and 11.30; and Sundays at 8.30.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	31	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting nine performances of "Iolanthe." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 11 and 2:30; New Year's Day at 2:30 and 7:30; Sunday, Jan. 2, at 12:30 and 4; and final performances Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 4-6, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 1 and 4; Friday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 8; and final performances Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 1 and 4. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 6; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 1 and 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "The Cage," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 5-6, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Serenade," "Four Chamber Works," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Ma Mère l'Oye," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Serenade," "Four Chamber Works," and "Ma Mère l'Oye." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Fire" (première), and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Random Dances," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Light Rain," "Trinity," "Deuce Coupe II," and "Fire." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Deuce Coupe II," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 2, at 7:30: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Celebration," "Night," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Illuminations," "Night," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Celebration," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," the new unnamed ballet, and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: "Pas des Déesses," "Illuminations," "Night," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Light Rain," "Fire," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. *Through Sunday, Jan. 16.*)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will head up his trio, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, pianist **HAL GALPER** and *his* trio will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** is at work in this club through Thursday, Dec. 30; and starting Friday, Dec. 31, longtime tenor-sax colleagues **ZOOT SIMS** and **AL COHN** will take over for nine nights. Mondays are showcase nights. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday Dec. 29, folk and protest singer **TOM PAXTON** and blues archivist **JOHN HAMMOND;** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, Flo & Eddie and their Holiday on Ice band and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL** (on New Year's Eve at nine-thirty and one-thirty); and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 6-8, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Jan. 1; on Monday, Jan. 3, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** will come in. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** winds up his stay in the Café Carlyle—and the year—on Friday, Dec. 31; on Tuesday, Jan. 4, pianist and songwriter **JOE BUSHKIN** will bring in his quartet. Shows at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, from nine.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who in the past has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Wednesday, Dec. 29, Sylvain Sylvain & the Roman Sandals and Great Jones; Thursday, Dec. 30, Walter Steding, Lenny Kaye, and the Blue Pics; Friday, Dec. 31, **RICHARD HELL,** the **BUSH TETRAS,** and the Mysterious Trees; Saturday, Jan. 1, Urban Blight, the Donny Fury Band, and Mondo Boffo, Friday, Jan. 7, **JOHN CALE;** and Saturday, Jan.

8, Johnny Thunders. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, composer, singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL** is here, presenting mostly medleys of show tunes. Mr. Siegel seems to belong to the fifties—he has carefully combed wavy hair and horn-rimmed glasses that make him look a lot like Robert Q. Lewis, and his best-known songs, "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing," came out of "New Faces of 1952." His performing style combines living-room informality with conscientious professionalism and is not a bit self-indulgent or overbearing; his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. On New Year's Eve, chichi singer **ROSE MURPHY** will be on hand, too. **CARRIE SMITH,** a fine blues and jazz singer, is now here on Sundays and Mondays. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**RONNY WHYTE** can be found in the Aquarium Lounge, playing piano and singing songs you may remember, songs you may have forgotten, and songs you may never even have heard of. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Dec. 29, the **IRISH TRADITION;** Thursday, Dec. 30, Claire Reynolds and Dave Rimelis; Thursday, Jan. 6, Swallowtail; and Saturday, Jan. 8, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA'S SKYLINE.** Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays at eight-fifteen, and Saturdays at nine. Closed New Year's Day.

ddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two; soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER'S BECHET LEGACY** performs from eight-thirty on Mondays; and Wednesdays Bill and George Simon's quintet has the floor from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 2, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will drop by with his quintet at about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. **BETTY CARTER,** a risk-taking improviser of a jazz singer, winds up her visit here with her trio on Sunday, Jan. 2. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 4, there'll be a guitar festival every night with the four-guitar front line of **JOHN ABERCROMBIE, JOHN SCOFIELD, VIC JURIS,** and **CHUCK LOEB.** The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Dec. 29, Under Heaven, Wolf Enanny, and Mitch Easter's Let's Active (from ten); Thursday, Dec. 30, Ibis; Friday, Dec. 31, the Bermuda Triangle; Saturday, Jan. 1, the Jump; Tuesday, Jan. 4, Bill Fern's Rock Jam; Wednesday, Jan. 5 (from ten), Chesterfield Kings and the Wombats; Friday, Jan. 7, **ELIZABETH (LIBBA) COTTON** and **MIKE SEEGER;** and Saturday, Jan. 8, Livingston Taylor. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, Kenny and Everett Brawner (with the pop-soul troupe Raw Sugar on New Year's Eve); Sunday, Jan. 2, singer Val Eley and pianist Loni Berry; Monday, Jan. 3, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** with guitarist **JIMMY PONDER;** Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 4-6, pianist Bob Neloms and bassist John Daly; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, Marilyn Redfield. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 29-Jan. 2, the Scott Hardy trio takes over the bandstand, and Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 5-9, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** guitarist **AL GAFA,** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** will be on hand. On Mondays, singer-pianist Graham Forbes works with bassist Ray Carle, and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio. All these groups play from ten. On Sundays from five to ten, pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** dips into his repertoire of Ellington and stride-piano numbers.

Griff's, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—An open-air terrace wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and warmer. Pianist **VALERIE CAPERS** performs with buzzing baritone hummer-bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Friday, Dec. 31; on Tuesday, Jan. 4, pianist **CHRIS ANDERSON** will arrive with bassist **ART DAVIS** and drummer **FRANK GANT.** Sets begin at nine. Sundays and Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven until eleven.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**DICK WELLSTOOD,** the house stride-piano specialist, stretches out through Saturday, Jan. 1; on Tuesday, Jan. 4, **DILL JONES** will claim the dining-room grand. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A big, airy space with tables and chairs, couches, and a diminutive bar. Friday, Dec. 31, guitarist, singer, composer, and arranger **THIAGO DE MELLO** and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will co-pilot a Brazilian-jazz quintet; on Wednesday, Jan. 5, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** will gig with pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, have been reserved for the jumping, shaking, percussive **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND.** The music begins at eight-thirty. On Fridays, a jam session runs from one to three A.M.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. The good listeners get to hear the regular Sunday-and-Monday men, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA,** who are here every night for the next couple of weeks. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Monday, Jan. 3, will be devoted to the free-funk music of **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER,** a unique electric guitarist—dig his thumb strumming—and a former Ornette Coleman sideman. His listeners may wonder if his band is playing avant-garde jazz, R. & B. energy music, rock-and-roll space music, or African-American party-time music, but, judging from the response to Ulmer's music on the dance floor (there isn't much of one here, alas) and at the bar and tables (lots of shoulder and upper-body movement), it doesn't seem to matter much what it's called. The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 29, Robert Gordon; Thursday, Dec. 30, the Pousette-Dart Band and Freelance Vandals; Sunday, Jan. 2, the Screamin' Honkers and the Holmes Brothers Band; and Wednesday, Jan. 5, Richard Lloyd and Cool It Reba. Dining.

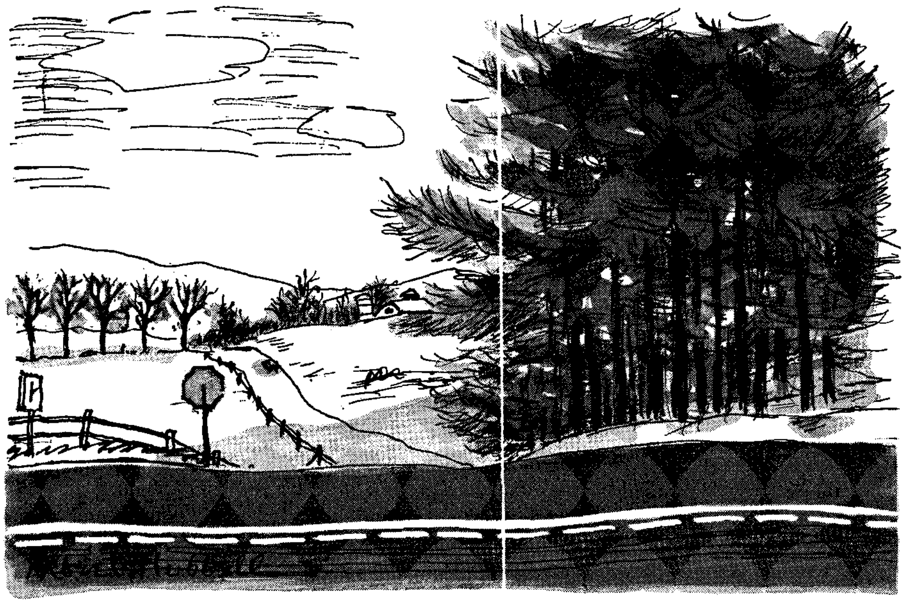
Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—**JON HENDRICKS** is currently (through Sunday, Jan. 2) singing at this club, where he was the very first musical attraction when it opened a little more than a year ago. On Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 3-4, saxophonist **BILL BARRON** will team up with one of the world's greatest rhythm sections—pianist (and Bill's brother) **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY;** and Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 5-9, pianist **RANDY WESTON** will lead his trio. Sets start at nine-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**ARTHUR PRYSOCK,** the baritone crooner, sings Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN'S PERFECT JAZZ REPERTORY** quintet works from a perfect Gershwin repertory through Friday, Dec. 31. On Tuesday, Jan. 4, the pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** a melodist always, will move in for a two-month stay, along with **DON THOMPSON** on bass and second piano. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen; Mondays the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band is on the stand from nine to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 29, Dee Chase; Thursday, Dec. 30, saxophonist **RENÉ MC LEAN;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, trumpeter Tom Browne; Monday, Jan. 3, the Starship Orchestra; Tuesday, Jan. 4, Beth Roberts; Friday, Jan. 7, Robbie Dupree; and Saturday, Jan. 8, French Toast. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The **PERSUASIONS,** the wonderful street-corner a-cappella R. & B. quintet, sing through Saturday, Jan. 1. The rest of the lineup: Tuesday, Jan. 4, First Amendment; Wednesday, Jan. 5, Leslie Chase & the Chase Manhattan Band; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8,



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pieces of a Dream and Jerome Olds & Tom Grose. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays are reserved for a jam session from about ten. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy dance orchestra are on the bandstand through Sunday, Jan. 2, and starting Tuesday, Jan. 4, **PANAMA FRANCIS AND THE SAVOY SULTANS** will begin playing uplifting, irresistible music to Lindy to. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight; and New Year's Eve from nine to two. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, Dec. 30, Monochrome Set; Friday, Dec. 31, Bow Wow Wow and (at four A.M.) Mink DeVille; Saturday, Jan. 1, Bow Wow Wow again; Tuesday, Jan. 4, Gypsy Cats of Dub; Wednesday, Jan. 5, Newton; Thursday, Jan. 6, former members of the Band, bassist and singer **RICK DANKO** and drummer, singer, and energy source **LEVON HELM;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, Robert Gordon. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sunday and Monday, Jan. 2-3.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. **WYNTON MARSALIS,** the hot new trumpeter of 1982, and his band through Friday, Dec. 31; Monday, Jan. 3, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, Jan. 4, Rock de Bop; Wednesday, Jan. 5, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO;** Thursday, Jan. 6, Thom Rotella; and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 7-9, madcap composer, arranger, pianist, and bandleader **CARLA BLEY** and her band. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. Closed Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Not much to look at, this very new club, a reformed luncheonette (or a lapsed luncheonette, depending on your attitude toward night clubs and luncheonettes) is a great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday, Dec. 29, guitarist **TONINHO HORTA;** Thursday, Dec. 30, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Friday, Dec. 31, Brasil 2000; and Saturday, Jan. 1, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining.

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2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine room. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** a flame thrower of a tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, heads a combo that features vocalist-bassist **SLAM STEWART** through Saturday, Jan. 1; on Tuesday, Jan. 4, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** will arrive along with tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** trumpeter **JON FADDIS,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Erin go blues: Kansas City-blues-and-jazz legend **BIG JOE TURNER** sings here Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at *nine and eleven-thirty, and on* Sundays and Tuesdays Greg Ryan and Brian Conway perform Irish music from seven-thirty to midnight.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. The lineup: Thursday, Dec. 30, Pə-dan-tiks; Friday, Dec. 31, Blotto and John Glenn; Saturday, *Jan. 1, Hardbeats and Street Kids; Tuesday,* Jan. 4, Empty Suits; Wednesday, Jan. 5, Random Speed and the Debbie McHale Band; and Saturday, Jan. 8, Luke Fredricks and Park Rowe. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room after nine; on Jan. 3 there will be two bands, the **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** group and **ORQUESTA BROADWAY,** and one guest jazz soloist, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN.** On New Year's Eve, **RAY BARRETTO'S** and **MACHITO'S** Latin-jazz bands will begin heralding the *año nuevo* at eleven. In the Top of the Gate on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, flutist **HERBIE MANN** leads an East-West ensemble that features **BADAL ROY** on tablas and **VASANT RAI** on sarod; shows at nine and eleven. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **MAL WALDRON'S ALL STARS**—tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL**—are on the stand until Sunday, Jan. 2; on Tuesday, Jan. 4, altoist **LEE KONITZ** will bring in his beautiful-sounding nonet, which features **JIMMY KNEPPER** on trombone. Monday night is blast-off night for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. **CARLOS BARBOSA-LIMA,** a concert guitarist who plays Antonio Carlos Jobim tunes as compellingly as his Scarlatti pieces (transcribed for guitar), is here through Friday, Jan. 31; on Tuesday, Jan. 4, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** and vibraharpist **DAVID SAMUELS** will come in. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays and New Year's Day.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jaz pianists. Esther Blue works Mondays throug Wednesdays, and Kuni Mikami has th Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music fro eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666 8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-h student food, beyond the pinball machines a room full of mostly swing music: Tenor sa ophonist **GEORGE KELLY** and his **JAZZ SULTA** through Friday, Dec. 31; Saturday, Jan. from six to two, a jam session, with pianis **SAMMY PRICE,** saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** trum peter **DOC CHEATHAM,** guitarist-trombonist **EDD DURHAM,** bassist **AARON BELL,** and others; Sun day, Jan. 2, **AARON BELL;** Monday, Jan. 3, Lore Schoenberg; Tuesday, Jan. 4, guitarist **CHR FLORY;** and starting Wednesday, Jan. 5, saxo phonist Heywood Henry. Music from abou nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spa cious, airy bar connected to a spacious, air dining room by a spacious, airy passagewa with tables and chairs and jazz musicians i it. The lineup: pianist **RAY BRYANT** and his bas ist, **JIMMY ROWSER,** work out through Saturda Jan. 1; on Monday, Jan. 3, pianist **JIM ROBERT** will move in with bassist **BRIAN TORFF.** Musi Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirt and Sundays from eight-thirty. Closed Sun day, Jan. 2.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Flock of Seagulls—With the Producers. (Pall dium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Dec. 31, at For information about tickets, call 97 9020.)

Billy Joel—Madison Square Garden. 564-440 Friday, Dec. 31, at 10.

Miles Davis and **Roberta Flack**—Felt Foru Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 31, 10.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Tuesday at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29 at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Super band. . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Dec 30-Jan. 2, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Art Blake and the Jazz Messengers. . . . ¶ Thursda through Sunday, Jan. 6-9, at 10, 11:30, an 1: Hank Jones and John Lewis. (Jazz Forum 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays at 9: Daniel Poncé. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, at 9: Dirt, with Bob Carroll and the Sedition Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

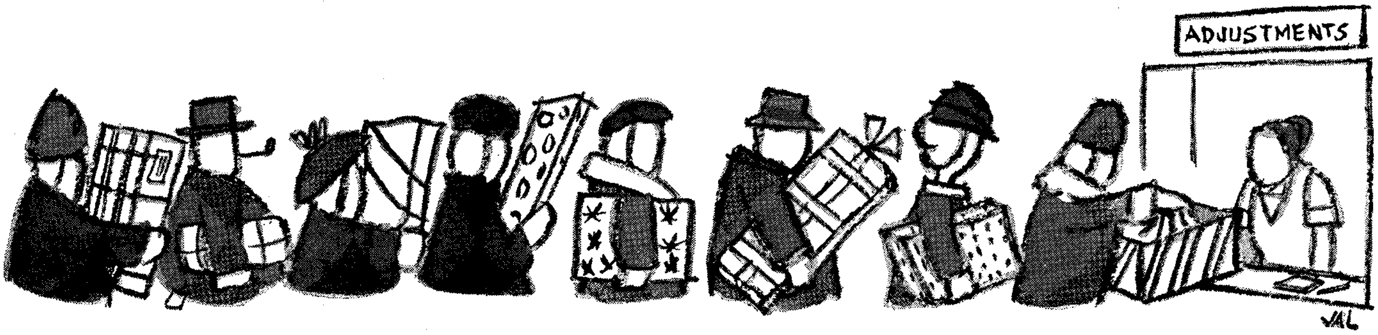
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed New Year's Day, and some are likely to close early on New Year's Eve.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Thomas S. Buechner—*Precisely rendered oil portraits that hover on the brink of caricature,* and romantic landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Watercolors—witty, metaphoric, and mostly suggesting travel. In one, for instance, a skeletal suitcase is superimposed on a picture-postcard landscape, framing part of it. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)



BERT M. KULICKE—A new set of his small fruit and flower still-lifes, these done in pastels as well as in oils. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

IACOMO MANZÙ—A recent sculpture, in bronze, from the cardinal series and an ebony piece whose subject is a mother and child; also, works on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 31.)

ENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—Thirty drawings in pencil, charcoal, and pen and ink. Through Jan. 14. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 31.)

ALCOLM MORLEY—Grecian beaches, Hopi Indians, Bengal tigers, schools of fish, and gaudy parrots are among the subjects of oils and watercolors by this Expressionist. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JSAN ROTH—Abstract collage paintings in which one layer of folded or otherwise manipulated canvas, stiffened with pigmented gel, is laid on another. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

DWIG SANDER (1906-75)—Oils, including abstractions from the sixties. Through Thursday, Jan. 6. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Thirty-three watercolors and drawings, all of them portraits. Through Feb. 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

ROUP SHOWS—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Collages and reliefs by some thirty European modernists, among them Schwitters, Arp, and Domela. Through Jan. 29. . . . **CDS**, 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Claudio Bravo, Wifredo Lam, Rufino Tamayo, and other Latin-Amercan artists. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ERICSON**, 23 E. 74th St.: Representaions of animals in a variety of mediums by more than fifty artists: Claes Oldenburg, Roy De Forest, Christie Rupp, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by six contemporary Scottish artists. Through Jan. 15.

CULPTURE—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gloria Kisch, Bill Spira, Garth Evans, and Marilyn Davidson are represented by both wall works and freestanding pieces in an invitational show. Through Jan. 19. (Closed Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: The theme is houses and the pieces range from Donna Dennis's painted-wood tourist cabin to Eliot Lable's ten gold columns supporting ten Greek temples. Through Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Closed Friday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—Sculptures in bronze and marble. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

BRANCUSI AND MONDRIAN—A congenial pairing of their respective sculptures and paintings; the works are on loan. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract Expressionist oils by a painter noted for his copious use of white. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

R. J. CHRISTENSEN—Abstract oils. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Fedelé, 42 E. 57th St.)

LILY HARMON—Drawings from all phases of her career. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Ten new monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, each a segment of a circle. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. A retrospective of sculptures is at the Whitney Museum.)

LOREN MADSEN—A single large sculpture combining wood, slate, granite, and wire. Also, several drawings. Through Jan. 22. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

RAFAEL MAHDAVI / HAROLD GREGOR—Abstractions in acrylic on canvas. / Paintings of Illinois farmlands. Through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN / JEAN DUBUFFET—Six-foot-square canvases in which thin stripes in terra-cotta hues traverse pale backgrounds. / Forty-two paintings crowded with his bright-colored, jack-in-the-box figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

HUGH O'DONNELL—Constructivist paintings done on wood panels and shaped canvases, which are fitted together in jigsaw fashion. The artist was included in the Guggenheim's 1980 show "British Art Now." Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Recent works, including watercolor abstractions, collages, and one assemblage of wildly disparate objects—bones, beads, vacuum bottles, old labels. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

ERIC SLOANE—Paintings of New England landscapes in all seasons, a couple of views of Taos, and some cloud studies. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SYLVIA STONE / HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Huge, festive wall sculptures and freestanding pieces made up of tangles of geometric forms, some in bright-painted ragboard, some in aluminum. / Monotypes made at the Experimental Workshop, in San Francisco. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

FRANCISCO ZUÑIGA—Works on paper (pastels, mostly) and some sculptures celebrating the people of his native Mexico, and a series of lithographs inspired by a 1981 trip to Egypt. Through Jan. 15. (Brewster, 41 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and photographs by artists (among them Arthur Dove, John Marin, Eliot Porter, and Helen Torr) who showed at Alfred Stieglitz' gallery An American Place are joined by thirty photographs Stieglitz himself took of his family. Through Thursday, Jan. 6. (Closed Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, none of them exhibited in this country before, by Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, Enzo Cucchi, and Anselm Kiefer—plus some by Jean Michel Basquiat which have been. Through Jan. 15. (Closed Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Self-portraits by Alice Neel, Paul Georges, Red Grooms, Michael Mazur, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **GLADSTONE**, 41 W. 57th St.: "The Crucifix Show," a title that stems from the cross shapes—broadly defined—encountered in the works of Keith Milow, Alan Vega, Brice Marden, Nancy Haynes, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Portraits by Copley and Charles Willson Peale, one landscape each by Bierstadt and Cole, and still-lifes by Harnett are among the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings on view. Through Jan. 29. . . . **PEARL**, 38 E. 57th St.: Louise Nevelson, Leon Polk Smith, Charmion von Wiegand, and others showing painted sculptures, wall reliefs, collages, and boxes from the past three decades. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: Polychromed-steel sculptures by Ginette Heuman, and recent paintings, drawings, and constructions by gallery artists Ilse Getz, Howard Kanovitz, Sven Lukin, and Manoucher Yektai. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A juxtaposition of photographs by Henry Callahan, Lee Friedlander, and Paul Strand with sculptures by Mary Frank, Richard Stankiewicz, and William Zorach. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

DAN FREEMAN—Large acrylic paintings apparently documenting the sexual revolution. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

HELEN MAYER HARRISON AND NEWTON HARRISON—A hand-colored photographic mural entitled "Thinking About the Mangrove and the Pine," and other works centered on the ecological concerns of these artists. Through Jan. 15. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

JOHN SANDERS—Abstract sculptures carved from slabs of solid steel with blowtorch and chisel (the largest weighs six and a half tons), plus one bronze casting, taken from a work in steel. Through Jan. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

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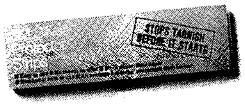

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cows, the drug scene are subjects for these outsize spray-paint works by a young artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Milliken, 98 Prince St. Closed Friday, Dec. 31.)

Group Shows—At the **BONLOW**, 150 Greene St.: Works by twenty-odd artists, including Chia, Twombly, and Warhol, under the catchall title "Myth." Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Closed Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **CONCORD**, 451 Broome St.: Portraits by Don Bachardy, Rafael Ferrer, Joan Semmel, Jan Groover, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Closed Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten emerging artists, among them Michael Markham, Birke McGilly, and Joanne Storch. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Works on paper by gallery artists. Through Wednesday, Jan. 5. . . . **KEY**, 130 Greene St.: Contemporary watercolors; Marcia Yerman, Stefano Bicini, and Joy Taylor are among the artists. Through Jan. 15. (Closed Tuesdays and Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St.: Sculptures by John Ahearn; works on paper by Mimmo Paladino; and paintings by, among others, *Mike Glier and Keith Haring. Through* Thursday, Jan. 6.

OTHER GALLERIES

Remo Salvadori—Paintings by an artist who makes his own colors from berries and minerals he finds in his native Tuscany. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Carrousels—A homage to the merry-go-round, with original hand-carved-and-painted beasts (horses, a lion, a camel) made by artisans from six New York workshops active at the turn of the century, as well as photographs and examples of the wood-carving tools used by the artists. Through April 24. (The Dairy, in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

Children's Book Illustrations—More than two hundred original illustrations for children's books published in 1982. Some of the illustrators are William Steig, James Stevenson, and Lee Lorenz. Through Feb. 10. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—Photographs spanning fifty years of her career, about a quarter of them vintage prints. Through Jan. 15. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—A hundred and seventeen prints of Paris and its architecture, dated 1898 to 1927, are currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Grace Knowlton—A new set of photographs of room interiors, concentrating on white corners. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

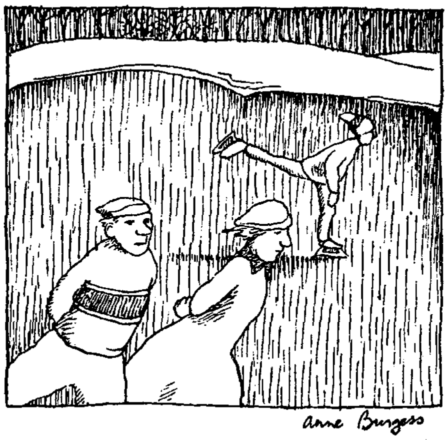
Jacques Henri Lartigue—Photographs (dated 1902-39), which serve as an autobiographical documentation of upper-middle-class French life. Lartigue was eight when he took the earliest picture in the show. Through Jan. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, including New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Amy Stromsten—"Recovery—Alcoholism and Survival," a series of forty prints on that subject. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . ¶ In another room here, there is a selection of vintage prints by Henri Cartier-Bresson, W. Eugene Smith, and others. Both shows through Jan. 15.

Mount Everest—A show of color photographs by Ned Gillette and Jan Reynolds, who took part in the 1981-82 Camel Expedition (the first to circle the mountain's girth), is at the Asia Society. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"La Belle Epoque" is the title for the Costume Institute's eleventh annual exhibit, consisting of a hundred and fifty examples of men's and women's turn-of-the-century clothing (primarily from Europe but with a couple of nods to America) displayed in period settings: Décor evoking Maxim's, Edwardian green-flocked wallpaper, and numerous portraits preside over a promenade of outfits both informal and formal, including ball gowns and court dresses—four from the wardrobe of Queen Alexandra of England. . . . ¶ The American Wing has opened its first twentieth-century period room, a living room designed in 1912-14 by Frank Lloyd Wright. In addition, a temporary display of about a hundred Wright pieces—from drawings for the room to furniture—in the museum's collections. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ "The Search for Alexander," a show of nearly two hundred examples of Hellenistic art lent mostly by museums in Greece. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A group of prints by Albrecht Dürer on the theme of the Holy Family, including several woodcuts from "The Life of the Virgin" series. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



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Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of abstract sculptures by Louise Bourgeois. Through Feb. 8. A complementary show (ending Friday, Dec. 31) is at the Robert Miller Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Xuan-paper works by Robert Rauschenberg, who spent a month in China devising them. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Frank Stella: Thirty-three prints and drawings of asymmetrical geometric shapes. Through Jan. 11. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: "The Work of Atget: The Art of Old Paris." Through Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Yves Klein retrospective includes a posthumous work, for which the artist left instructions, in which the museum's rotunda is covered in the ultramarine-blue pigment he often used. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Selections from the Peggy Guggenheim collection of twentieth-century paintings and works on paper, brought over for the first time in a decade from the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, in Venice. Through March 13. . . . ¶ A show of about thirty sculptures by Americans represented in the museum's collection, among them Joseph Cornell, Louise Nevelson, and Lucas Samaras. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, including New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Ellsworth Kelly, accompanied by the drawings he used as studies. Through Feb. 27. A show of his paintings is at the Blum Helman Gallery, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of forty sculptures and sixteen drawings from 1970 to the present, by the Minimalist Joe Shapiro. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Jasper Johns' Savarin monotypes. Through Jan. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of paintings by turn-of-the-century Nordic artists whose work prefigured modernism. Edvard Munch is represented by eight canvases. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by Gene Davis. Through Feb. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," or how the moon and stars governed the earthly affairs and found expression in the artifacts of various early cultures. An eleventh-century gold calendar disc from Peru on the one hand, a contemporary photomural of the Mayan observatory at Chichén Itzá on the other. Through March 27 (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9 with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Arts of the Islamic Book," a show of illuminated manuscripts from the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, which ranges in time from the ninth century to the nineteenth Through Sunday, Jan 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY** Mount Everest. Through Jan. 23. (Open dail except Mondays and Friday, Dec. 31. Hours Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, an Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noo to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91s St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian designs in furniture, glass, ceramics, metal, and textiles from the eighteen-eighties to the present. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of nearly a hundred French decorative clocks made between 1532 and 1823. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"The Great Age of Japanese Buddhist Sculpture, A.D. 600-1300," a show offering more than fifty bronze and wood works, ranging from small altarpieces to larger-than-life-size figures. On loan from the national museums in Tokyo and Nara, and from twenty-six temples. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except New Year's Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings, except Dec. 31, until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of medieval French illuminated manuscripts which points up the characteristics of individual artists and regional workshops. All the works are in American collections. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, depicting scenes from the life of Christ. . . . ¶ A display of musical manuscripts by Stravinsky and Haydn which commemorates their birth dates. All three shows through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays, Friday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Blake to Beardsley: English Illustrated Books of the Nineteenth Century," an exhibit that also includes the work of William Thackeray, Edward Lear, and Julia Margaret Cameron (seen in one of the first books to use photographs as illustrations). (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and New Year's Day, 10 to 6, and Monday through Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th

St.—A show of nearly forty jazz-related paintings, prints, and photographs, including a monumental painting by Leonard Ruben of Thelonious Monk and Cannonball Adderly performing together; and an etching by Romare Bearden entitled "Jamming at the Savoy." Through Jan. 22. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

The box-office number for the Metropolitan pera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 62-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for arnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey ogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, ifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington ve. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin oncert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 V. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

etropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Rosalind Elias; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Giorgio Zancanaro; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brian Schexnayder; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 1: "Tannhäuser," with Johanna Meier, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8, and Monday, Jan. 3, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Sheila Nadler; Thomas Fulton. (Both nonsubscription performances.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brian Schexnayder; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Jeannette Pilou, Dale Duesing, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Louise Wohlafka, David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Marvis Martin, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Gail Robinson, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Herman Malamood; James Levine.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8; Friday, Dec. 31, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); and Saturday, Jan. 1, and Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8: A program of music by Bach, Richard Strauss, Mendelssohn, and Johann Strauss, with four young soloists—Nicholas Eanet and Linda Wang, violin; Mark Abbott, horn; and Ju Hee Suh, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8; Friday, Jan. 7, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 7:30: An all-Witold Lutoslawski program in honor of the composer's seventieth birthday. With Mr. Lutoslawski, guest conductor, and Roman Jablonski, cello.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Berlioz-Bartók-Brahms program, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin, and Colin Carr, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting three performances of the complete Brandenburg Concertos of Bach. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting a program of music by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Johann Strauss, with Cecile Licad, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 6.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program of Christmas music. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 460-9015.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program called "An Odyssey in Time." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Purcell program, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Friday, Dec. 31, at 8. For tickets, call 226-1115.)

Ora Shiran—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

Hamao Fujiwara—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Stephen Mayer—Piano, with Evalyn Steinbock, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Ursula Oppens—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ida Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Paula Robison, flute; André-Michel Schub, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 5.)

Adam Holzman—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

Richard Muenz—Baritone, in a one-hour program of songs by Charles Ives. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ronald Smith—Piano, in an all-Alkan program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Dallas, Saturday, Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Thursday, Jan. 6. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Professional Football—Sunday, Jan. 2: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Monday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Friday, Jan. 7. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Thursday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Boston Bruins, Friday, Jan. 7. (Games begin at 7:35.)

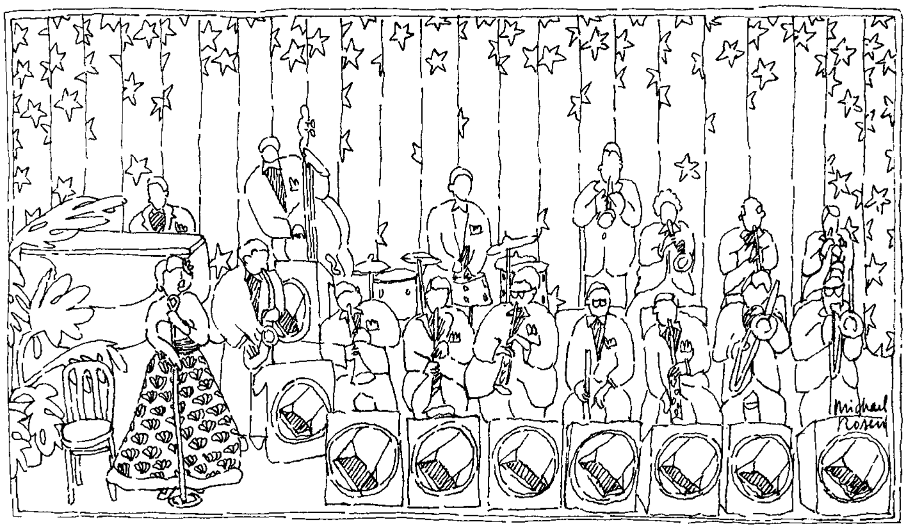
Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. The Display Handicap, Friday, Dec. 31; the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 1; and the Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Final days Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 8; Friday, Dec. 31, at 1:30; and Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 1. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Jan. 3, through Tuesday, March 15.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 15.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—The ninth annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by around a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Friday, Dec. 31, at 8, through the evening of Sunday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

Total Eclipse of the Moon—This will occur on the morning of Thursday, Dec. 30, commencing at 4:50, with the fullest phase beginning at 5:58.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MOVIES
Westman

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 2: "Orchestra Conductor" (1980; directed by Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with John Gielgud.
From Jan. 4: "The Night of the Hunter" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 30: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†) and "Arthur" (†).
Dec. 31-Jan. 6: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†) and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†).
From Jan. 7: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 3: "The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 5: "Winter of Our Dreams" (John Duigan; an Australian film), with Bryan Brown and Judy Davis.
From Jan. 6: "The Killing of Angel Street" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Liz Alexander and John Hargreaves.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 6: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood. From Jan. 7: "Madmen."
Theatre 2: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "That Championship Season" (Jason Miller).
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Eating Raoul" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tootsie" (†).

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Diner" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 6: "Peter Pan" (†).
From Jan. 7: "Madmen."

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: A program of five new international animated films. On Mondays, there will be a special program consisting of, at 5:30, "Legacy" (1976; directed by Karen Arthur), with Joan Hotchkis; at 7:30, "Letters from Vietnam" (1964) and "Vietnam Requiem" (Bill Couturie and Jonas McCord); and, at 9:45, "David Holzman's Diary" (1969; Jim McBride), with L. M. Kit Carson, and "My Girlfriend's Wedding" (1968; Jim McBride).
Theatre 2: Dec. 29: "The Wrestler and the Clown" (1957; Boris Barnet and Konstantin Yudin; in Russian); and "Belated Flowers" (1972; Abram Room; in Russian). Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "The Brothers Karamazov" (1972; Ivan Pyriev; in Russian). Jan. 2-3: "And Quiet Flows the Don" (†). Jan. 4-5: "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian); and "The Seagull" (1974; Yuli Karasik; in Russian). Jan. 6-8: "Earth" (†) and "Mother" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Eating Raoul" (†).
Theatre 2: "Peter Pan" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 6: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Jan. "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov Konchalovsky; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), wit Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 30: "Six Weeks (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mar Tyler Moore. From Dec. 31: "Time Stan Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).
Theatre 4: "My Favorite Year" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Fantasia" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"My Favorite Year" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Coup de Torchon" (Bertrand Tavernier; i French), with Philippe Noiret and Isabell Huppert.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sophie's Choice" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757 2280)
Theatre 1: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fas binder; in German).
Theatre 3: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werne Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (87 4040)
Theatre 1: "The Seven Samurai" (†).
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (72 6745)
Theatre 1: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Goth in Hungarian).
Theatre 2: "The Light Ahead" (1939; Edg G. Ulmer; in Yiddish), with David Opatshu.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 6: "Tootsie" (†) From Jan. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 6: "Trail of the Pin Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Jan. 7 To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 6: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds an Goldie Hawn. From Jan. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 6: "Tootsie" (†). From Jan. 7: To be announced.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
Theatre 3: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 4: "Peter Pan" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (directed by Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.
Theatre 2: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 3: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 30: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From Dec. 31: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 30: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Dec. 31: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.
Theatre 6: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

MovieLand, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Heidi's Song," an animated film.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 30: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore. Dec. 31-Jan. 6: "Midnight." From Jan. 7: "Madmen."
Theatre 2: "Peter Pan" (†).

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 6: "Still of the Night" (†). From Jan. 7: "Just Before Dawn."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
Theatre 2: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 3: "Wasn't That a Time!" (1982; directed by Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.
Jan. 4: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 5: "America—From Hitler to MX" (1983; Joan Harvey), a documentary.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 29: "Eboli" (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.
Dec. 30: "A Wedding" (1978; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker; and "Popeye" (1980; Robert Altman), with Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall, and Ray Walston.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Jan. 2-3: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.
Jan. 4: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "The Lower Depths" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 5: "Fists in the Pocket" (1965; Marco Bellochio; in Italian); and "Baba" (1974; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
Jan. 6: "Straight Time" (†); and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro.
Jan. 7-8: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Leap Into the Void" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 30: "Popeye" (1980; Robert Altman), with Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall, and Ray Walston; and "Flash Gordon" (1980; Mike Hodges), with Sam J. Jones, Topol, and Melody Anderson.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.
Jan. 2-4: "Gunga Din" (†); and "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.
Jan. 5-6: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Jan. 7-8: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Fantasia" (†).

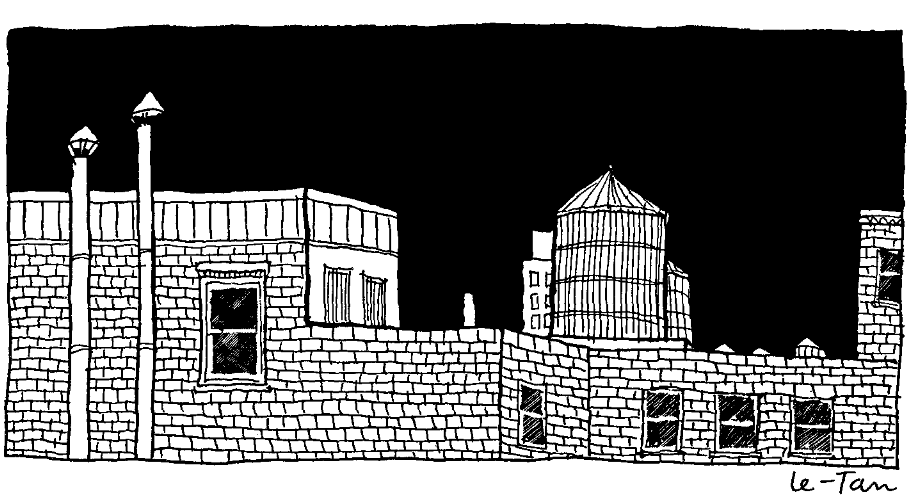
Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Dec. 29: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood) and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 2-3: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
Jan. 4-5: "Love Me or Leave Me" (†) and "Man of a Thousand Faces" (†).
Jan. 6-8: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 30: "Dirty Harry" (1971; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood; and "The Stone Killer" (1973; Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Martin Balsam.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Jaws" (1975; Steven Spielberg), with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss; and "Jaws 2" (1978; Jeannot Szwarc), with Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton.
Jan. 2: "The Sound of Music" (†).
Jan. 3-4: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.
Jan. 5-6: "Black Sunday" (†) and "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" (†).
Jan. 7-8: "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, and John Vernon; and "The Blues Brothers" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Dec. 29: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.
Dec. 30: "Norma Rae" (1979; Martin Ritt), with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges; and "Coal Miner's Daughter" (1980; Michael Apted), with Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones.
Dec. 31: "Blazing Saddles" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "What's Up, Doc?" (1972; Peter Bogdanovich), with Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal.
Jan. 1: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
Jan. 2: "Holiday" (†) and "Twentieth Century" (†).
Jan. 3: "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson; and "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslav film), with Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg.
Jan. 4: "An Actor's Revenge" (1963; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese); and "An Autumn Afternoon" (†).
Jan. 5: "Easter Parade" (†) and "Ziegfeld Follies" (†).
Jan. 6: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman and Marlene Dietrich; and "I Confess" (†).
Jan. 7: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.
Jan. 8: "The Cocoanuts" (†) and "It's a Gift" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Dec. 29: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey), with Todd Armstrong and Nancy Kovack; and "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran), with Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant, and Richard Eyer.
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas.
Jan. 2-4: "Gypsy" (†); and "Funny Girl" (1968; William Wyler), with Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif.
Jan. 5-8: "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney; and "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 29: "The Road to Glory" (1936; Howard Hawks), with Fredric March and Lionel Barrymore; "Under Two Flags" (1936; Frank Lloyd), with Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman; and "Judge Priest" (1934; John Ford), with Will Rogers and Stepin Fetchit.
Dec. 30: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973; John Hancock), with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: A program of surrealist films.
Jan. 2: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner; a silent film), with Buster Keaton, Marion Byron, and Tom Lewis; and "College" (†).
Jan. 3: "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm.
Jan. 4: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian); and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Denjiro Okochi.
Jan. 5: "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942; Rouben Mamoulian), with Gene Tierney, Henry Fonda, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington; "Wild Geese Calling" (1941; John Brahm), with Joan Bennett and Henry Fonda; and "Immortal Sergeant"



(1943; John Stahl), with Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara.

Jan. 6: "Ulysses" (†) and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (†).

Jan. 7-8: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert film with Bob Marley, Third World Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 29: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Dec. 30: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, and William Demarest; and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "Private Lives" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny.

Jan. 2: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (†).

Jan. 3: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

Jan. 4: "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972; George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks.

Jan. 5: "That Certain Woman" (1937; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Ian Hunter, and Anita Louise; and "It's Love I'm After" (1937; Archie Mayo), with Bette Davis and Leslie Howard.

Jan. 6: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (†); and "Dames" (1934; Ray Enright), with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Hugh Herbert, and Guy Kibbee.

Jan. 7-8: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Asphalt Night" (1980; Peter Fratzscher; in German, with English subtitles), with Gerd Udo Heinemann and Thomas Davis. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Death in the Car Wash" (1982; Friedemann Schultz; in German, with English subtitles), with Benjamin Völz and Beate Finckh. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Raindrops" (1981; Michael Hoffmann and Harry Raymon; in German, with English subtitles), with Elfriede Irrall and Walter Renneisen. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at noon: "The Projectionist" (1970; Harry Hurwitz), with Chuck McCann, Ina Balin, and Rodney Dangerfield. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 5: "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas, Mary Astor and David Niven. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at noon: "The Projectionist." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Raindrops." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5 and Jan. 3 at 2:30 "The Gunfighter" (1950; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Helen Westcott, Jean Parker Karl Malden, and Richard Jaeckel. . . . ¶ Jan 3 at 6: "Notorious." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2:30 "Dodsworth." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "Farewel Etaoin Shrdlu" (1980; David Loeb Weiss) "We All Know Why We're Here" (1980; Nicholas Holmes); and "Cortile Cascino" (1962 Michael Roemer and Robert M. Young). . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "L'Homme du Large' (1920; Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Jaque Catelain and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6 "Le Petit Café" (1919; Raymond Bernard; a French silent film, with French inter-titles) with Max Linder. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2:30 "L'Enfant de Paris" (1913; Léonce Perret; a French silent film, with no inter-titles). . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 6: A program of early French films. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at noon: "Band of Angels' (1957; Raoul Walsh), with Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo, and Sidney Poitier. . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: "L'Enfant de Paris." . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 5: "L'Homme du Large." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St (570-0537)—Through Jan. 16: "Passes' (1982; Ed Emshwiller), a multichannel video and sound work. Showings every half hour from noon to 6 (Tuesdays until 8). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

And Quiet Flows the Don (1957)—A kaleidoscopic view of life in prerevolutionary Russia, featuring such hot-tempered characters as a man who lashes his rival with a whip and a brokenhearted girl who attempts to cut her throat with a scythe. Episodic melodrama, high on flaring nostrils. The director, Sergei Gerasimov, adapted Mikhail Sholokhov's novel. In Russian. (Film Forum; Jan. 2-3.)

Arthur (1981)—John Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud that perfect hat. As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits and his work has a friendly spirit, and with Moore and Gielgud bouncing off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves, the picture doesn't sag for long. But Gordon's attempt to reactivate the romantic mechanisms of the screwball comedies of the thirties doesn't work with the women characters—particularly with Liza Minnelli and Geraldine Fitzgerald. As the poor-girl heroine, Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. With Barney Martin, Anne De Salvo as Gloria, Jill Eikenberry, Thomas Barbour, Ted Ross, Stephen Elliott, Peter Evans, Lou Jacobi, and, in a bit, Lawrence Tierney. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 30.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter, who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Le Beau Mariage—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (10/4/82) (Cinema Studio.)

Black Sunday (1977)—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers, a half-crazed Vietnam War veteran (Marthe Keller is his accomplice). The gadgets and cleverness of the movie amount to the haul of a gang of super-buyers run amok in F.A.O. Schwarz; the effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 5-6.)

The Blues Brothers (1980)—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson; and Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 7-8.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's, (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a tad refined for a girl who lives so improvisationally (on the money men give her), but for about the first three-quarters of an hour this picture, directed by Blake Edwards, has a fair amount of sophisticated slapstick comedy, especially at a cocktail party that ranks with the best screen parties of the era. If you've read the Truman Capote novella that the movie is based on (and even if you haven't), you may be dismayed to see things go soft and romantic. The film wanders, and Hepburn is forced to become too frail and too enchantingly raffish before it comes to its makeshift, fairy-tale end. The madcap Holly, with her attachment to a writer (George Peppard) whose apartment is just below hers, is, of course, very similar to Sally Bowles with her Isherwood, except that the setting here is New York, not Berlin. Patricia Neal is amusing in the rather impenetrable role of an interior decorator who appears to be a lesbian but is also keeping Peppard. (It may be wise not to let the mind linger too long over that.) Mickey Rooney does a wild bit of racial caricature as the Japanese photographer who lives in the apartment above Holly's; it's the most lowdown and daring thing in the movie. The cast includes Buddy Ebsen, John McGiver, Martin Balsam, José-Luis de Villalonga, and Gil Lamb. The script is by George Axelrod; the cinematography is by Franz Planer; the song "Moon River" is by Johnny Mercer and Henry Mancini; Hepburn's clothes are by Givenchy, and Neal's are by Pauline Trigère. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in Paramount's Astoria Studios, on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the Florida land boom. Most of the action takes place in a hotel lobby; the characters walk on and off as if they were in a stage play, and they do stage business. The material hasn't been paced for the screen; there are dead spots (without even background music), but there are also a lot of funny verbal routines and a musical burlesque of "Carmen," and Harpo, as a fiendish pickpocket, is much faster (and less aesthetic and self-conscious and innocent) than in the Brothers' later comedies. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo as Penelope, a jewel thief; Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats as the rich Mrs. Potter, the possessor of a valuable necklace; and a pair of forgettable singing lovers (Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw). Based on the musical play by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, adapted by Ryskind, and directed by Joseph Santley and Robert Florey. With the Berlin song "When My Dreams Come True." The cast includes Basil Ruysdael and Cyril Ring. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 8.)

College (1927)—A beautiful little comedy. Buster Keaton is a bookworm, working his way through college and determined to become a star athlete. The story line isn't as miraculously fresh as in a couple of his films, but it allows for some of his most startlingly inventive stunts. Despite the many pilferings from this film (it has been a gold mine for other comedians), the routines are executed with such impeccable precision and with such an air of confident innocence that they are charged with surprise—and probably will be forever. (Thalia; Jan. 2.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (72nd Street East.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Earth (1930)—The specific subject is collectivization, but Dovzhenko's masterwork is a passionate lyric on the continuity of man, death, and nature. The theme is perhaps most startlingly expressed in a sequence about a man who has just celebrated the arrival of a tractor. He starts to dance—for sheer love of life—on his way home, and as he dances in the middle of the moonlit road he is suddenly struck by a bullet. (In the fifties, it was voted one of the ten greatest films of all time by an international group of critics.) (Film Forum; Jan. 6-8.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Metro Cinema; Jan. 5.)

Eating Raoul—The director, Paul Bartel, and his five-foot-eleven star, the innately kinky Mary Woronov, play a couple of prissy squares—the Blands, of Los Angeles—who consider sex disgusting and want to open a nice, clean country restaurant. They raise the money they need by murdering swinging singles; in their eyes these swingers deserve to be punished. This spoofy black comedy is thin-textured and it's sedated; it doesn't have enough going on in it—not even enough to look at. The nothingness of the movie is supposed to be its droll point, but viewers may experience sensory deprivation. With Richard Beltran, who brings some energy to the role of Raoul, Garry Goodrow, and Buck Henry. Written by Richard Blackburn and Bartel. (11/29/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and Greenwich Playhouse.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Criterion Theatres; through Dec. 30.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Movieland.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Guild, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Fitzcarraldo—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie

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has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German. (10/18/82) (Cinema II, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. And Kingsley can't give his role a core, because it has been written completely from the outside. A viewer's reaction: "I felt as if I had attended the funeral of someone I didn't know." From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

Gold Diggers of 1933—A funny, good-natured backstage musical, and a Depression period piece as well. It sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers wears a costume made of big coins and sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and sixty electrically wired chorus girls, singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" while waltzing and playing violins, merge to form one great big neon fiddle. Warners advertised that this film would "surpass the glories of '42nd Street' " (which had come out earlier in the year) and the geometric choreographer Busby Berkeley and the songwriters Harry Warren and Al Dubin all tried to top themselves. Mervyn LeRoy directed this time, and the plot is something about Dick Powell as a blue-blood songwriter trying to raise money for a show he has written. The cast is a *Who's Who* of Warners types: the prim, awesomely untalented Ruby Keeler, and Joan Blondell, Warren William, Aline MacMahon, Ned Sparks, Guy Kibbee, Sterling Holloway, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Billy Barty as the infant who winks at Dick Powell and hands him a can opener to use on Ruby Keeler's shiny tin costume, in the "Pettin' in the Park" sequence. Busby Berkeley appears in a bit part as the backstage callboy (can this really be the correct term?) shouting such directions as "Onstage for the Forgotten Man number!" The black singer in this number is Etta Moten. The script, by Erwin Gelsey and James Seymour, is based on an Avery Hopwood play; cinematography by Sol Polito. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

Gunga Din (1939)—One of the most enjoyable nonsense-adventure movies of all time—full of slapstick and heroism and high spirits. R.K.O. intended to make one of those trouble-in-the-colonies films, and it was supposedly to be "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem. Howard Hawks was set to direct; he brought in Hecht and MacArthur, who stole the plot of their own "The Front Page" and threw some wonderful hokum together. Then Hawks brought in William Faulkner for some rewriting. R.K.O. soon decided that the project was becoming too expensive, got rid of Hawks, and put George Stevens, who was under contract, in charge. Stevens brought in Fred Guiol, a gag-writing buddy from Stevens' Laurel and Hardy days, and at some point Joel Sayre also did some rewriting. The result of these combined labors is a unique pastiche—exhilarating in an unself-consciously happy, silly way. The stars are a rousing trio: Cary Grant, having the time of his life as a clowning roughneck; the dapper, gentlemanly Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen. Who has forgotten Eduardo Ciannelli in dark makeup as some sort of mad high priest, or Sam Jaffe as Gunga Din, the essence, the soul of loyalty? Who remembers Joan Fontaine as the pallid and proper heroine? With Abner Biberman, Montagu Love, Cecil Kellaway, Lumsden Hare, and Robert Coote. The superb cinematography is by Joseph H. August; the art direction is by Van Nest Polglase; the music is by Alfred Newman. (Cinema Village; Jan. 2-4.)

d. ehrenberg

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Gypsy (1962)—An extremely unpleasant version of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Natalie Wood (almost pitifully miscast) is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. Jules Styne and Stephen Sondheim wrote the songs. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse, and the script (by Leonard Spiegelgass, from the Arthur Laurents play) and the other credits match. With Ann Jillian as Baby June. (Rosalind Russell's songs were partially dubbed by Lisa Kirk.) (Regency; Jan. 2-4.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart and Sidney Buchman tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as the man's friends; Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Henry Kolker as her father; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (A 1930 film version starred Ann Harding, with Mary Astor as her sister.) (Metro Cinema; Jan. 2.)

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift) caught in a trap; either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. From a play by Paul Anthelme, adapted by George Tabori and William Archibald. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 6.)

It's a Gift (1934)—In which W. C. Fields is harassed by a blind man and has a fine irritable scene in a grocery store on the subject of kumquats. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 8.)

Leap Into the Void (1979)—The Italian director Marco Bellocchio ("Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near") has a feral sense of the ridiculous and a snake charmer's style. This film is poised between farce and tragedy, and he keeps it in slippery chiaroscuro—it all might be taking place in a dark dream. Michel Piccoli gives a mesmerizing performance as an Italian judge who's a craven fraud, a distant cousin to the characters W. C. Fields used to play. Anouk Aimée is the judge's older sister, a menopausal virgin who has begun to rebel. This film about family entanglements and the functions of madness is perverse, horrifying, and funny. With Michele Placido, as a dashing, bearded outlaw (and sociopath), and the director's small son, Piergiorgio. Written by Bellocchio, Piero Natoli, and Vincenzo Cerami. In Italian. (11/29/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Love Me or Leave Me (1955)—Doris Day as Ruth Etting. A lot of people were deeply impressed with this melodramatic, musical bio, which tries for an authentic show-business tawdriness; it's certainly better than most movie bios of popular entertainers, but that's not saying all that much. Doris Day is a little less butch than usual, though you can't tell what makes her Ruth Etting a star. (From the evidence of her movie appearances and her records, the young, soft, and sensual Ruth Etting was just about the opposite of this cold woman.) The script by Daniel Fuchs and Isobel Lennart is several notches above the average, and James Cagney brings frightening strength to his role as the singer's vicious lover. Their relationship is horrifying, yet your sympathy may go out to the scummy little guy beating her up. Some good songs, including "Mean to Me" and "Ten Cents a Dance." With Cameron Mitchell, Robert Keith, Tom Tully, Harry Bellaver, and Richard Gaines. Directed by Charles Vidor. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 4-5.)

Man of a Thousand Faces (1957)—Unappetizing bio of the turmoiled, forbidding Lon Chaney, with James Cagney giving the role more conviction than the viewer really wants; the script and conception are so maudlin and degrading that Cagney's high dedication becomes somewhat oppressive. He discards his mannerisms and his usual bravado, and acts out the Chaney characters—the hunchback of Notre Dame, the mad organist of the Paris Opéra, the cripple of "The Miracle Man," etc., giving them a gruesome tenderness that is almost as upsetting as Chaney's own brand of compassion. With Dorothy Malone as Chaney's lackadaisical first wife, and Jane Greer, cast wildly against type, as the fine, upstanding chorus girl who becomes his perfect second wife. Joseph Pevney's direction is at its worst with these two; he's a little more comfortable with Celia Lovsky as Chaney's deaf-mute mother. The cast includes Marjorie Rambeau, Jim Backus, Jack Albertson, Jeanne Cagney, Hank Mann, Snub Pollard, and Robert Evans as Irving Thalberg. Written by R. Wright Campbell, Ivan Goff, and Ben Roberts. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 4-5.)

Mother (1926)—Frequently selected by critics as one of the greatest films of all time, Pudovkin's masterpiece, based on Maxim Gorky's novel, which is set during the 1905 revolution, is not overtly political; it gives an epic sense of that revolution through the emotions of the participants, and sweeps one along by its fervor and a brilliant and varied use of the medium. Vera Baranovskaya plays the mother who is tricked by the police into betraying her son (Nikolai Batalov). Pudovkin (unusual among the great Russian directors for his interest in acting) himself plays the officer who interrogates her. (Film Forum; Jan. 6-8.)

My Favorite Year—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne De Salvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Beneditto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—Despite its peculiar overtones of humor this is one of the most frightening movies ever made (and truly frightening movies become classics of a kind). Robert Mitchum is the murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing soul-saver with hypnotic powers, and his terrified new wife (Shelley Winters), who has a boy and a little girl from an earlier marriage, becomes his fervent disciple. He is something of a Pied Piper in reverse: adults trust him, children try to escape. The two kids' flight from the madman is a mysterious, dreamlike episode—a deliberately "artistic" suspense fantasy, broken by the appearance of a Christian variety of fairy godmother (Lillian Gish). The adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work, and this shadowy horror fable was the first and only movie directed by Charles Laughton; it was a total financial disaster, and he never got a chance to direct again. With Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Don Beddoe, and Peter Graves. Cinematography by Stanley Cortez. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Jan. 4)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 6.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Greenwich Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ U.A. 85th St. East; through Jan. 6.)

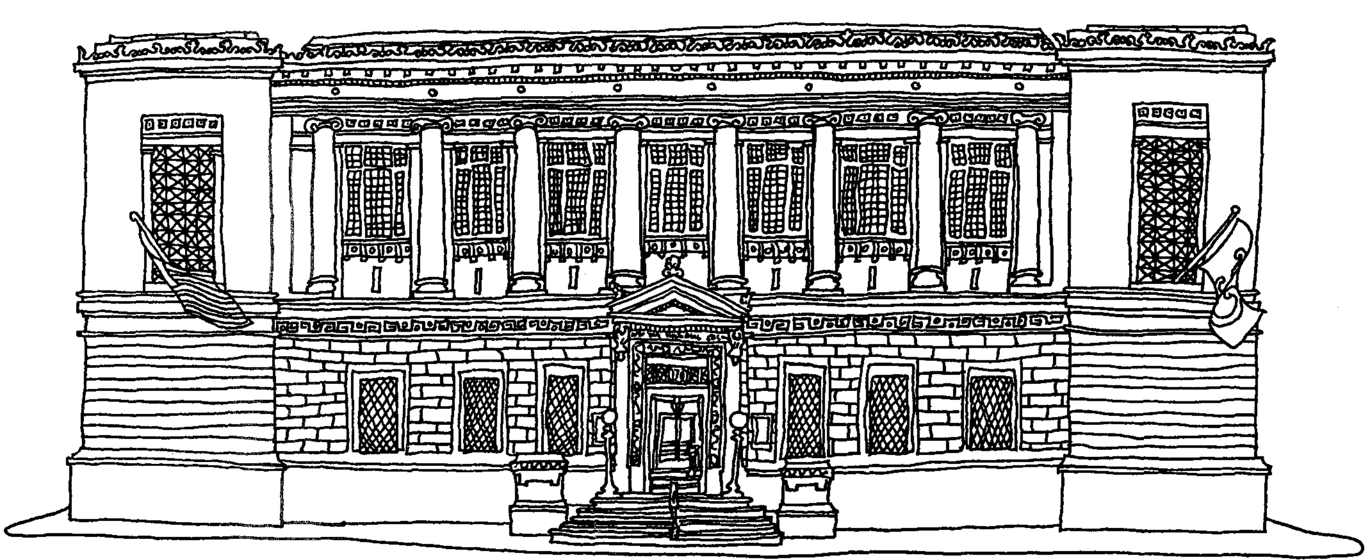
A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man (1979)—A film by Joseph Strick (who made "Ulysses," see below) of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (Thalia; Jan. 6.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1981)—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. The impulsiveness and raw flamboyance that make the book exciting are missing, and the cool, elegant visuals (Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer) outclass the characters right from the start. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a run-through of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" while still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 31-Jan. 6.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties, it circulated in a much shorter version under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese. (Cinema Studio.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it, and the film tells us that (1) survivors of the death camps carry deathly guilt within them and (2) William Styron is right up there on Parnassus with Thomas Wolfe, Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, and Hart Crane. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. Styron got these three central characters so gummed up with his idea of history that it's hard for us to find them even imaginable, and Pakula can't get all the crazed romanticism in motion. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. As Sophie, Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes when, red-lipped and with bright-golden curls, she dimples flirtatiously and rattles on in Polish-accented broken English; she does amusing, nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Set in Austria in 1938, this is a tribute to freshness that is so mechanically engineered and so shrewdly calculated that the background music rises, the already soft focus blurs and melts, and, upon the instant, you can hear all those noses blowing in the theatre. Whom could this operetta offend? Only those of us who, despite the fact that we may respond, loathe being manipulated in this way and are aware of how cheap and ready-made are the responses we are made to feel. We may become even more aware of the way we have been turned into emotional and aesthetic imbeciles when we hear ourselves humming the sickly, goody-goody songs. The dauntless, scrubbed-face heroine (Julie Andrews), in training to become a nun, is sent from the convent to serve as governess to the motherless Von Trapp children, and turns them into a happy little troupe of singers before marrying their father (Christopher Plummer). She says goodbye to the nuns and leaves them outside at the fence, as she enters the cathedral to be mar-



Roxie Munro

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ried. Squeezed again, and the moisture comes out of thousands—millions—of eyes and noses. Wasn't there perhaps one little Von Trapp who didn't want to sing his head off, or who screamed that he wouldn't act out little glockenspiel routines for Papa's party guests, or who got nervous and threw up if he had to get on a stage? The only thing the director, Robert Wise, couldn't smooth out was the sinister, archly decadent performance by Christopher Plummer—he of the thin, twisted smile; he seems to be in a different movie altogether. With Eleanor Parker, Richard Haydn, Peggy Wood, Anna Lee, and Marni Nixon. The music is by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II; the script by Ernest Lehman is based on the stage version by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Director, Editing (William Reynolds), Musical Scoring (Irwin Kostal), Sound (the 20th Century-Fox Sound Department). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 2.)

Still of the Night—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy hot woman suspected of murder, a femme fatale who is meant to be guileful and slinky, but she seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless. In the early part we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house. Sommer and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; through Jan. 6.)

Straight Time (1978)—Dustin Hoffman gives what is possibly his finest (and most demanding) performance up to this time as Max Dembo, a paroled robber. Based on the novel "No Beast So Fierce" by a former convict named Edward Bunker (who plays the part of Mickey), the film provides a ruthlessly objective view of Max—a man with closer psycho-sexual relations to people in the prison world, such as his viciously zealous parole officer (M. Emmet Walsh), than he could ever have with outsiders, such as the fresh-faced girl (Theresa Russell) who takes up with him. The script (a synthesis of the efforts of Alvin Sargent, Bunker, and Jeffrey Boam) has first-rate, hardheaded, precise, sometimes funny dialogue, but it errs in bringing this girl too much to the center. Dramatically, the film lacks snap; there isn't enough tension in the way Max destroys his freedom, and so the story drags—it seems to have nowhere to go but down. The director, Ulu Grosbard, falters in most aspects of film technique, and he doesn't shape the material: he doesn't enable us to feel what we recognize intellectually—that the movie is really about life *inside* prison. But he excels in handling actors: scenes between Hoffman and Harry Dean Stanton (as an ex-convict) and between Hoffman and Gary Busey (as a junkie ex-convict) are performed superlatively. And Hoffman's acting suggests that he could have gone much further in "Lenny" if he'd been encouraged to; as the mean and unyielding Max, he even uses his voice well—softening it for a held-in, distrustful-of-talk effect. With Sandy Baron, Kathy Bates, Rita Taggart, Corey Rand, and Jacob Busey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 6.)

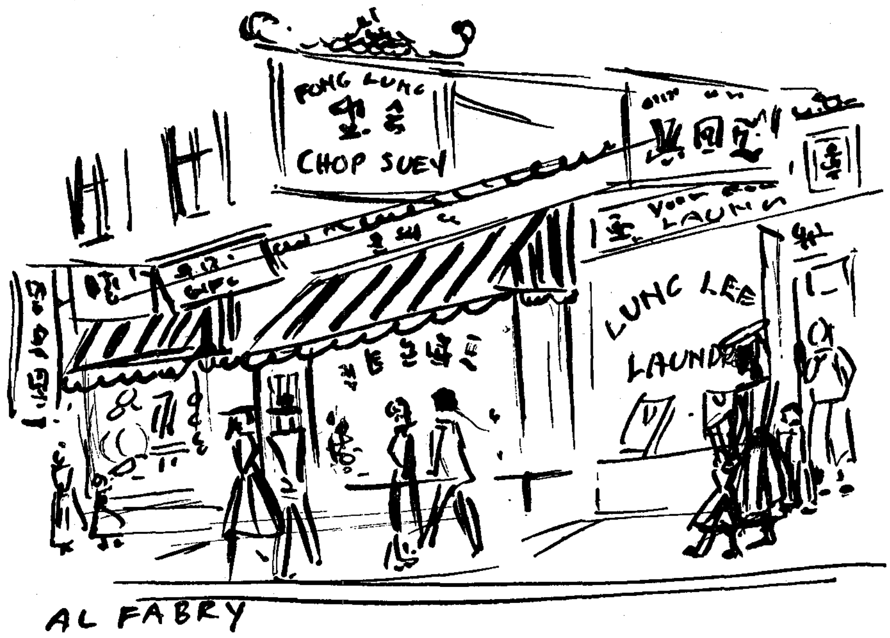
The Taking of Pelham One Two Three (1974)—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam; screenplay by Peter Stone. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 5-6.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman is both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors. He plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as "Dorothy Michaels," and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. He's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role—you can see it in his intense, glittering eyes. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him; she says her lines in such a mild, natural way that it makes perfect sense for Michael to stop in his tracks and stare at her in wonder. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 6.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protegée, Lily Garland (née Mildred Plotka), who has become a movie star, that established her as a comedienne. Lombard's talents here are not of the highest, but her spirits are, and in her skin-tight satins she incarnates the giddy glamour of thirties comedy. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. The script, by Hecht and MacArthur from their play (which was a reworking of Bruce Millholland's play "Napoleon on Broadway"), is freely, carelessly irreverent, with affectionate, corny ethnic humor and wisecracks about religion. Howard Hawks directed in a fast, entertaining style—punching up the lines; it's the style he later perfected in "His Girl Friday" (from Hecht and MacArthur's "The Front Page"). With Ralph Forbes, and a batch of character actors whose faces were once as familiar to audiences as the faces with great names: Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levison, Etienne Girardot, Edgar Kennedy, Edward Gargan, and Herman Bing. (The material was recycled in the 1978 Broadway musical "On the Twentieth Century.") (Metro Cinema; Jan. 2.)

Ulysses (1967)—No doubt the director, Joseph Strick, hoped for a great deal more, but the film he made is merely an act of homage to Joyce's novel in the form of readings from the book plus illustrated slides. A surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown," with some plausible facsimiles of Joyce's characters (Buck Mulligan, particularly), it seems both static and jerky. On the soundtrack are the lines we want to hear, and it's good to be reminded of them, but they don't have the sensuality or the weight that they had in the novel; they're merely quotations from a classic—well selected and intelligently read. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, Barbara Jefford as Molly, and T. P. McKenna, Anna Manahan, and Maureen Potter. Adapted by Strick and Fred Haines. Shot in Dublin. (Thalia; Jan. 6.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1944)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this plotless, often tedious M-G-M musical revue. It features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Some high spots: Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number "A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Jimmy Durante, Lucille Ball, Lucille Bremer, James Melton, Hume Cronyn, Edward Arnold, and William Powell as Ziegfeld up in heaven dreaming this big bash. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 5.)



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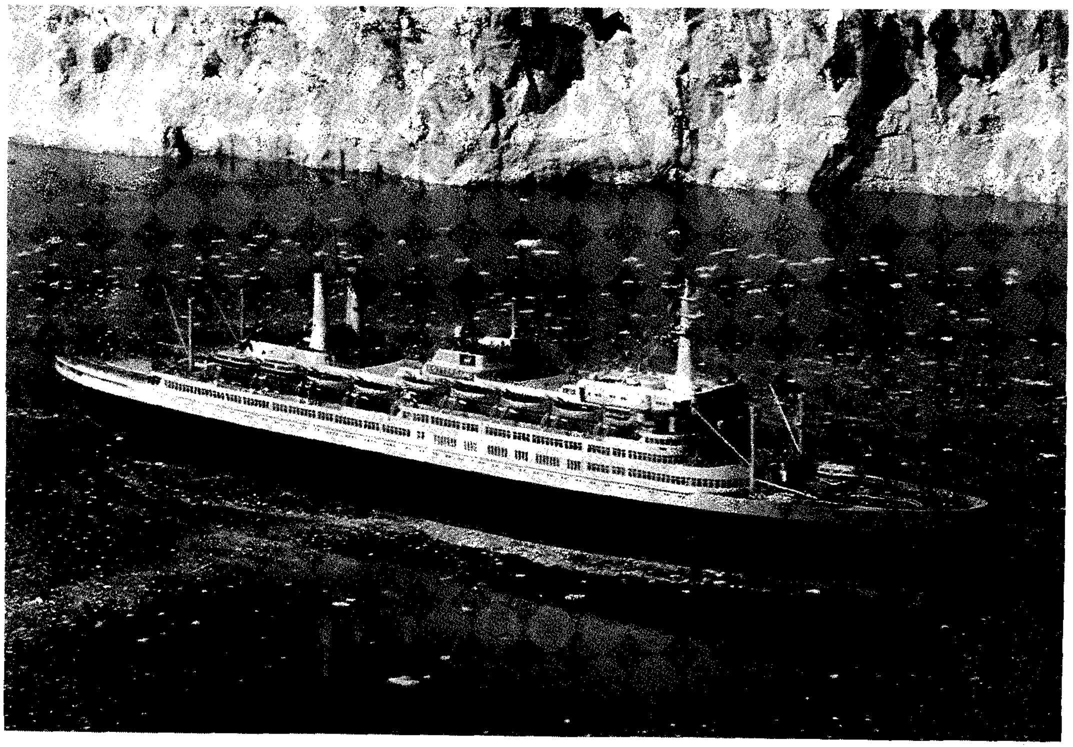

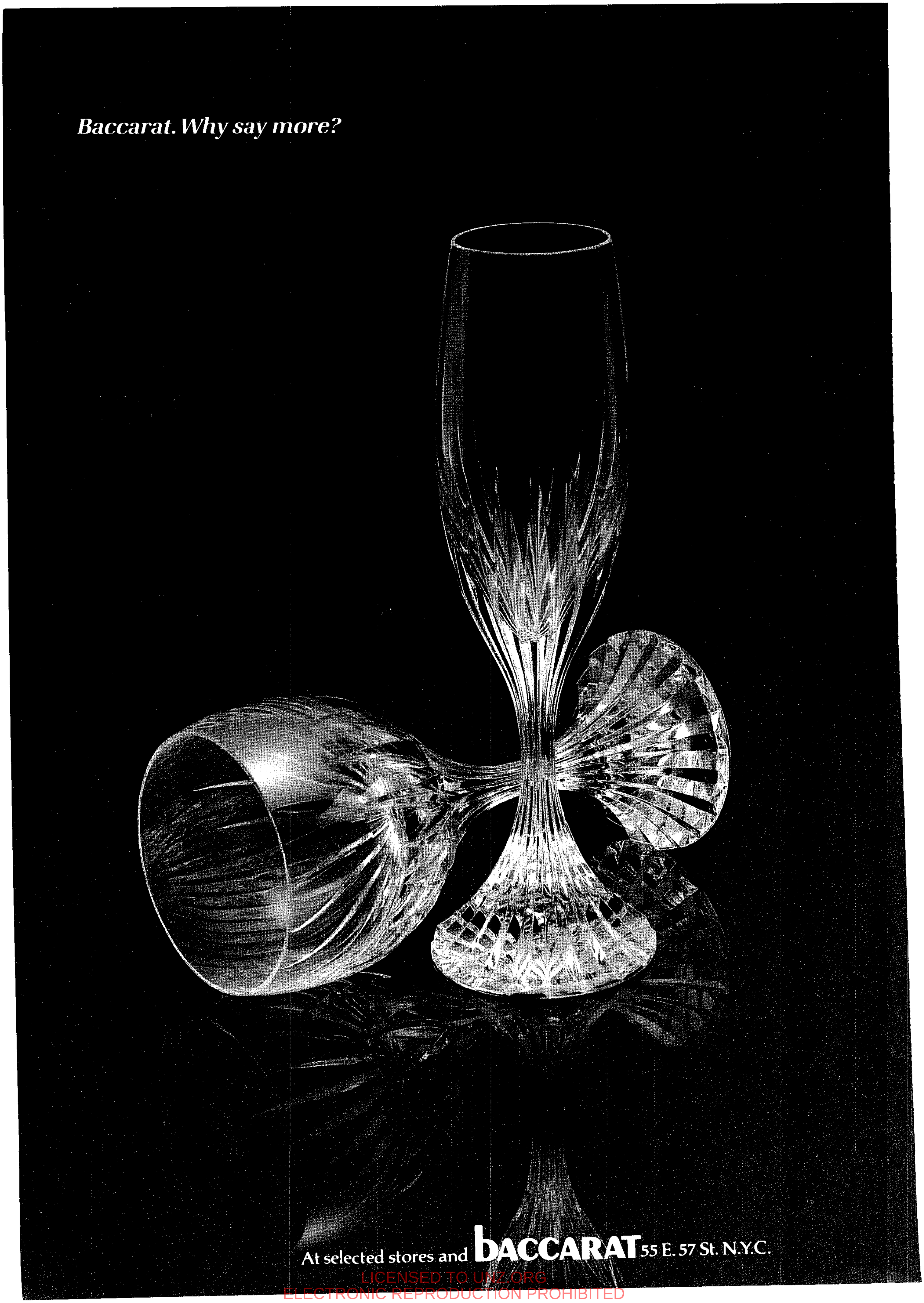

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG woman writes:

The carpenter is at my house replacing the frames and glass panes of some windows. She (it is a woman, a round, fair woman who looks more like a cook than like a carpenter, but she is a good carpenter, as I soon see) has around her strips of wood, panes of glass, a glass cutter, a large portable electric saw, nails, hammers, and something called a caulk gun. She measures, she saws, she cuts, she sighs: it is a much more complicated job than she at first thought, the house being a very old and crooked house. The work is taking place in a bedroom, and I sit on the edge of a bed all the time, watching her. There are many things for me to do around the house; I should also go out and run some errands. But I cannot leave the carpenter's presence. Perhaps I will be able to assist in some way; perhaps she will say something to me.

My father was a carpenter, and a cabinetmaker, too. In the world (and it was a small world: a hundred and eight square miles, a population of sixty thousand, no deep-water harbor, so large ships had to anchor way offshore), my father was the second-best carpenter and cabinetmaker. The best carpenter was Mr. Walters, to whom my father had been apprenticed as a boy and for whom he had worked when he was a young man. Mr. Walters had been dead for a long time, even before I was born, but he was still the best carpenter and cabinetmaker. My father was so devoted to this man that he did everything just the way Mr. Walters would have done it. If, for instance, in 1955 you asked my father to build you a house and make you some simple chair to sit on in it, he would build you a house and make you a chair exactly like the house and the chair Mr. Walters would have built in 1915.

My father left our house for work every weekday morning at seven o'clock, by the striking of the Anglican church bell. If it was his first day on a new job, one of his apprentices would come by a little before seven o'clock to pick up my father's toolbox. If it was one of the older apprentices, he could walk along with my father, and they might talk. If it was one of the younger boys, he would have to walk a few steps behind. At around four o'clock in the afternoon, my father returned home. If he saw me then, he would say, "Well, we got everything in place today." And I would say, in reply, "Oh, sir, that's very good." After that, he would disappear into his shop, where he made furniture.

In my father's shop, everything was some shade of brown. First, there was the color of his skin; and he wore khaki trousers and khaki shirts, brown shoes, and a brown felt hat. He smoked cigarettes (Lucky Strikes) one after another, and he smoked so much that the thumb and the index and middle fingers of his right hand were stained brown. His hands were stained another shade of brown from handling stained wood, wood oils, and glues. Everything was brown, that is, except the red, flat carpenter's pencil (such an unusual, distinctive shape for a pencil, I thought, and I was sadly disappointed when I discovered that it was not a good writing pencil) that he carried perched always behind his right ear. Sometimes when I went to watch him work, he would tell me little things about himself when he was a young man. He would talk about himself as if he were someone he used to know very well, someone he thought really an admirable person, someone he would like very much. Mostly, they were stories about himself as a cricketer. He never told me that he was good at playing cricket; I already knew that.

My father made very beautiful furniture. Everybody said so—especially my mother, who would then point out that unfortunately none of this furniture was in our own house. I think almost every time she saw my father make something she would say to him that it would be nice to have one like that, and he would then promise to make another one, for her specially. But he never did. Finally, one day, he told her that the reason he was reluctant to make us up lots of furniture was that the furniture in Mrs. Walters' house (the widow of the man to whom he had been apprenticed) was really his: that he had made it up for himself when he was a very young man; that he had lent it to Mrs. Walters after her husband died and she had moved into a smaller house, the house she still lived in; that he had always meant to ask for it back one day; and that he would ask her for it soon. He never, of course, asked for the furniture—I don't think he could bring himself to. My mother could not believe that we were never to have that beautiful furniture; that at Christmastime, when our friends stopped by to have a glass of rum, if too many of them came by at once some of them would always have to sit on the floor. My father would visit Mrs. Walters quite often, and every once in a while my mother would go along with him. Afterward, she would always be furious that she had had to leave what she began calling "my furniture" behind, and she would have a big row with herself, for my father never quarrelled with anyone—not even his wife. Once, my father took me with him on one of the visits. I got a good look at the furniture, and I began to understand my mother's point of view. There was a dining table with six matching cane-bottomed chairs (my father did all his own caning); there was a little round table the edge of which was scalloped; there was a table with fancy decorative carvings on its sides and, above it, a mirror in a frame with decorative carvings that matched the ones on the table; and there was a sofa, a cabinet with delicate woodworking on the glass front, and two Morris chairs. (At the time, I did not know—nor, for that matter, do I think anyone else knew—that there was someone named Morris who had made chairs of which these two were replicas.) We had nothing like any of this in our house.

Once, my father got sick, and the doctor said that it was his heart, and gave him some medicine and told him to stay home and rest. My mother, looking up heart diseases in one of her numerous medical books, said that the sickness was from all the cigarettes he smoked. At the same time, I took sick with a case of hookworm, and my mother, looking up hookworm in one of her numerous medical books, said that it was because I had walked around barefoot behind her back, and it was true that I did that. (I was disappointed when it was discovered that I had hookworm, and not beriberi. I would have liked to say to my friends when they asked why I wasn't in school, "Oh, I have beriberi.") Since my father couldn't go to work and I couldn't go to school, we spent all day together. In the mornings, I would go and lie with him in my parents' bed. We would lie on our backs, our hands clasped behind our necks (me imitating him), and our feet up on the windowsill in the sun. We would lie there without saying a word to each other, the only sound being *pttt*, *pttt* from my father as he forced small pieces of tobacco from his mouth. He continued to smoke, though not as much as before. At midmorning, my mother would come in to look at us. As soon as she came into the room, she would always ask us to take our feet off the windowsill, and we would do it right away, but as soon as she left we would put them back. When she came, she would bring with her little things to eat. Sometimes it was barley water and a special porridge, made from seaweed; sometimes it was a beaten egg-yolks-and-milk drink, sweetened with powdered sugar; sometimes it was a custard of some kind. Whatever it was, she would say that it would help to build us up. Before she left, she would kiss us on our foreheads and say that we were her two invalids, the big one and the little one. In the afternoons, after our lunch, my father and I would go off to look for a wild elderberry bush and pick elderberries. He was sure that a draught prepared from the elderberries would make his heart get better faster than the medicine the doctor had prescribed. In fact, I think he took the medicine the doctor gave him only because he thought my mother might perhaps die herself if he didn't. After we had picked the elderberries, we would go and sit in the Botanical Gardens under a rubber tree. Then he would tell me stories about his own father. He had not known his father very well at all, since his father was always going off somewhere—usually somewhere in South America—to work, but he never said anything that showed he found his father at fault. Once, he said, his father had taken a boat to Panama to build the Panama Canal. The boat got caught in a storm and sank. His father was in the sea for eleven days, just barely hanging on to a raft. He was rescued by a passing ship, which took him on to Panama, where he built the Panama Canal. For a long time, I thought that my father's father had built the Panama Canal single-handed except perhaps with the help of one or two people, the way my father himself built things single-handed except with the help of one or two people.

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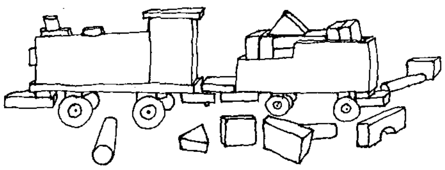
Closing Time

WE have a sad goodbye to say this week—not to the departing year but to the Teheran, a Persian-Italian-American restaurant that has survived stoutly for the last thirty-odd years at 45 West Forty-fourth Street, which is an easy amble across from our office building, and an amble that has become something between habit and ritual for many of our colleagues. The Teheran has grown as familiar to many of us as our own dinner tables, and the members of its staff we think of as old friends. When the first rumors of its closing seemed to be hardening into fact, we went across one lunchtime to hear at first hand about the Teheran's rumored doom from Mr. Hank Mazzucca, who has managed the restaurant since 1951. Hank is a gracious, soft-spoken man with a noble profile and corrugated white hair, and we watched him hovering over the lunchtime crowd, dropping a word to a waitress, shaking an occasional hand, adjusting a table, and keeping a quiet over-all eye on the buzz and clatter of lunch. Hank told us once that, of the three hundred-odd people who come in for lunch, he will quite often know all but four or five by sight.



As the lunchers began to thin out, he came over to our table. "I first got the brutal news in the form of an official letter from my landlord," he told us. "My lease still had time to run, and there is a clause in my contract saying that only under the condition that the building is to be demolished will I have to leave. Well, it seems that the Seymour Hotel, on Forty-fifth Street, and the New York Yacht Club, on Forty-fourth Street, have yielded up some space to a party whose name we haven't even been told yet, which plans to mount a tall building above our heads here. I imagine that the Seymour will disappear, but the Yacht Club, being a landmark building, will be spared. The entrance to the prospective building is to be from Forty-fourth Street—a better address, I guess—and that means tearing down the Teheran, and the Varig office next door, to make a lobby. Where we're sitting now is plumb in the middle of the lobby-to-be. I brooded a bit, as you can imagine, and then I just decided to accept it, that's all. I thought of starting again, but it would be prohibitive now in this neighborhood, and I don't think I have the heart to do it all over again. I'll take some time off, and then I'll think of something. I wouldn't mind managing a club. The Teheran has always felt like a club, wouldn't you agree?"

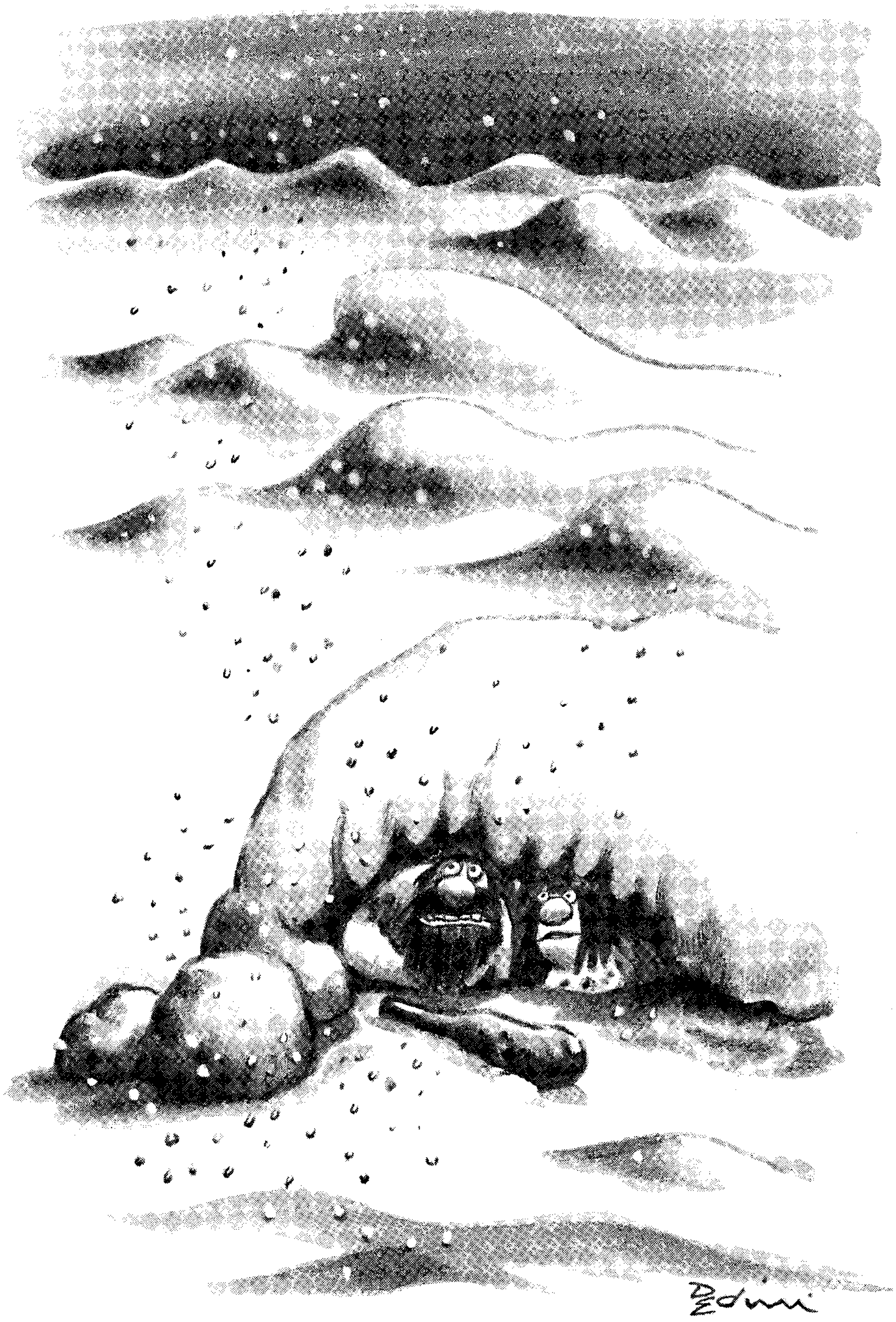
We would indeed, considering the many times we have taken shelter, solace, and sustenance in the Teheran. It is a long and narrow two-story restaurant, with something of a Persian décor: the mirrors along the east wall have minareted tops, and on the opposite wall is a subdued mural picturing a pastoral Persia that probably never was. Whatever the time of day or the weather outside, the Teheran maintains inside a mellow Persian gloaming, which has occasionally caused us to lose all track of outside time.

Hank reminisced about the Teheran's beginnings. "It actually started up in 1949, and at the time I was offered a partnership in it, in 1951, it served only Persian food. When I took the whole thing over—with my partner, Ms. Wally Colombo, who moved with me from Guidetti's, on Forty-fifth Street, and is still with me today—I wanted to call it the Fifth Estate, but changing a restaurant's name is a hazardous business, so I kept it the Teheran, although everybody referred to it as the T. I did change the menu right away, though, keeping a selection of Persian dishes but serving both Italian and American food as well, for nobody wants to eat Persian food five times a week. It was successful from the start, and I've been very content here. It's really people that make a restaurant—staff and customers—and I've been lucky with both. I have about twenty on the staff, and we get along famously. I study my customers, and know a lot of them quite well. You remember that trouble in 1980, the year the hostages were being held in Teheran? Well, when President Carter began to come down on Iranian students there was some quite strong anti-Iranian feeling, and I got a bunch of threatening phone calls. Some people tried to get me to change the name of the restaurant. I got so annoyed that I put up that notice outside the entrance—you remember it? I can recite it still. It said, 'We do not believe we should change our name because of a deplorable and, we hope, temporary situation.' We weathered that one quite well, but I was just saying to Wally that what the Ayatollah couldn't accomplish, the wrecker's ball will."

It is not just the Teheran's human customers who will lament its passing. Hamlet, the resident cat at the Algonquin, a few doors down the block, has developed a habit of paying regular visits to Giovanni, the Teheran's cat. "I wish there was a way to explain things to Hamlet," Hank said, shaking his head. "I hate to think of him turning up and finding everything gone. That's hard on a cat."

Hank told us that when he first took the restaurant over he did a good bit of the reconstruction himself, on Sundays, when the place was closed. "My mother died a couple of weeks after I took over," he said, "so I put some things of hers—a kitchen spoon, other things she used—into the walls I was building, for luck. I'd rather not be around when these walls go down." We will be left, however, to see a hole open in the block, a missing tooth, and we are bound to feel, for a month of lunchtimes, a small stumble in the rhythm of our days.

Goodbye, Frances, goodbye, Margie, goodbye, Penny, goodbye, Jack, goodbye, Natalie, goodbye, Mario! We will recite the Teheran's menu as a requiem. Goodbye, Wally! Goodbye, Hank! We keep you warm in our memory, and we wish you all well.



"*I like it. It covers the stones and softens the world, and for a while you can relax.*"

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Hoover

HOOVER, an eleven-year-old harbor seal in Boston who can say "Hoover" and "Hello, there" and "Hi! How are you?" and "Hey, come over here" and "Get out of here," is the only talking seal in the world—if you don't count Salisbury, a younger Boston harbor seal, who can manage a "Hello!" that sounds more like a couple of coughs. Hoover is also the first nonhuman mammal ever to have produced these particular sounds. In 1962, Dr. John Lilly reported that a dolphin could say "Speak up!" and "Louder!" but that was twenty years ago. There are accounts of porpoises imitating the movements of seals, and a 1973 issue of the scholarly Dutch journal *Behaviour* mentions two porpoises that imitated movements of human beings. A diver regularly entered a tank of porpoises to wash the tank window, and one day a porpoise held one flipper against the window while wiping the glass with a feather and bringing up bursts of bubbles, just like the breathing of the diver. On another occasion, a second porpoise, a baby, swam past the window and saw somebody smoking a cigarette. The smoker, noticing the porpoise, blew smoke at it. The porpoise went to its mother, got a mouthful of milk, and came back and blew the milk at the smoker. In the water, the milk dispersed much as the smoke had in the air.

Some remarkable activities have been reported of seals. André, a twenty-one-year-old harbor seal from Rockport, Maine, used to spend winters at the New England Aquarium, in Boston, and now spends winters at the Mystic Marine Life Aquarium, in Connecticut. Released into neighboring ocean waters in the spring, André always makes his way back to Rockport in only a few days. An old Scottish book mentions a seal that could play a mouth organ, and an old pamphlet mentions a Boston seal that could turn a hurdy-gurdy. But, until Hoover, harbor seals—harbor seals are small seals that live mostly on or near northern ocean shores—had been thought not to do much vocalizing of any sort. They were known as "the silent seals."

Hoover talks in a deep, friendly, raspy bass voice that has the flattened "a"s of New England; what he says really sounds like "Hoo-vuh," not "Hoover," and like "How-wah-yah" and "Come ovuh heah." He also says, "Hello, dere," and he has a distinct laugh—"Heh-heh-heh-heh." Several scientists have likened his voice to that of a wino, but when we first heard him we thought he sounded more like a cheerful retired Boston cabdriver. As it turns out, we weren't far wrong.

Hoover and eleven other harbor seals live in a rhomboid-shaped concrete pool just outside the New England Aquarium, a magnificent institution that, inside, boasts a four-story-high saltwater tank, more than two thousand fish, and Lobzilla, a thirty-five-pound lobster. The Aquarium also has a floating auditorium that five times a day presents sea-lion-and-dolphin shows based entirely on animal behavior—no unnatural stunts—and it runs a notable Marine Mammal Rescue Program, which last year alone took in twenty-three stray harbor-seal pups and was able to save the lives of many of them. Hoover weighs two hundred and sixty pounds. He is five feet seven inches long and eats at least fifteen pounds of herring or capelin a day. He has a sleek, well-blubbered body, a spotted gray-and-khaki-colored coat, black front and back flippers, large, lustrous, human-like brown eyes, no ears (harbor seals have ear slits), oversized pussycat whiskers, and a blunt snout, like that of a Labrador retriever. When we heard him talking, he was standing upright in the water and leaning his head back so that his eyes were under water. His mouth barely moved, but he seemed to be moving his tongue, and he was pulling his whole head in toward his chest. Hoover talks only when he wants to, and he seems to want to more often in the spring; some days he only mumbles. According to Aquarium records, which meticulously document Hoover's behavior since he arrived there, as a four-month-old pup, in August, 1971, Hoover first began making unexpected noises, described variously as grunts, growls, gurgles, buzzes, squawks, shrieks, and bloodcurdling screams, when he was two years old. Then there is the careful note on August 7, 1976, "NEVER HEARD BEFORE! MADE SOUNDS AS IF TALKING," followed two years later, on November 11, 1978, by the definitive "SAYS 'HOOVER' IN PLAIN ENGLISH. I HAVE WITNESSES." Biologists and animal trainers at the Aquarium are convinced that Hoover does not know what he is saying, but they are not sure what function his talking serves, or why he says precisely what he says or seems to talk with a Boston accent. They are fascinated by the fact that several other male harbor seals in the seal pool, and a female named Roo as well, are starting to produce unexpected noises, and they have begun a long-term investigation of the whole phenomenon of harbor-seal vocalization and mimetic behavior.

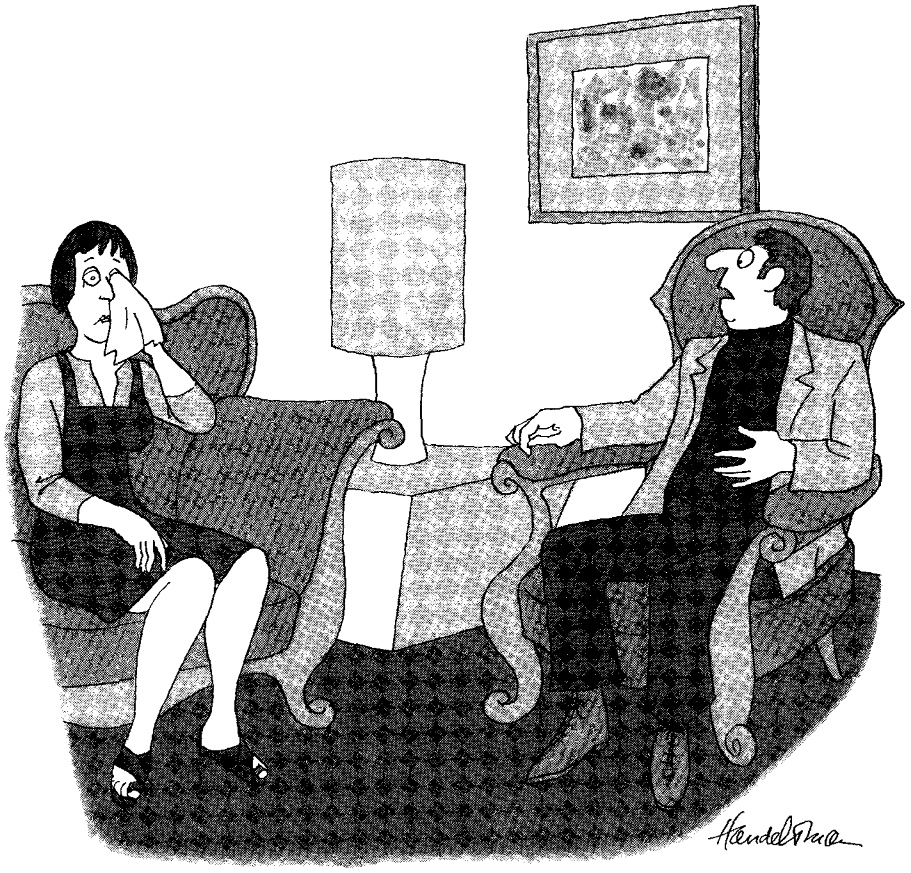
Mr. George H. Swallow, of Cundys Harbor, Maine, thinks he can clear up some of the questions. Mr. Swallow and his wife, Alice, looked after Hoover for almost four months in 1971, after her brother

1983
Bernard Schoenbaum

found the baby seal on the beach. Hoover's mother had been shot by a fisherman. The Swallows put the seal in their bathtub, and when he refused a bottle they mashed up mackerel in a meat grinder and force-fed him. "After a day," says Mrs. Swallow, "he started to eat like a vacuum cleaner, so we had to name him Hoover. He ate nine mackerel in one day, and he looked like a football with a head and a tail. He was the greatest pet we'd ever had."

George and Alice Swallow spend a lot of time nursing things back to health. "We're always babysitting some lame duck," Mr. Swallow says. They have taken in foxes, mink, raccoons, crows, and a skunk (briefly), and one winter they had a great blue heron in the house. Right now, they have a porcupine in the back yard which likes to eat apples. Mr. Swallow is sixty-eight and works as a caretaker, and he has also worked as a machinist and a florist, and he has made guitars and raced cars. He was born in a small town near Boston. Hoover outgrew the bathtub in a few days, and the Swallows placed him in a freshwater pond behind their house and put up a pup tent for him to sleep in. Hoover liked to take Mr. Swallow's hand in his mouth, and Mr. Swallow taught Hoover to jump through a life preserver. Hoover spent a lot of time sitting in the sun, and occasionally he would come up the back steps and through the kitchen into the living room. "He was very clean," Mrs. Swallow says. "He'd look around, and we'd laugh and pet him—we're a laughing family—and then he'd go outside again."

Neighborhood kids liked to take Hoover for a ride in an old wheelbarrow. Mr. Swallow never tried to teach Hoover to talk ("I wouldn't know anything about how to do that") or rewarded him with fish for any behavior he displayed, but he hollered at Hoover a lot ("Come over here!" "Get outa here!"), and when Hoover started making gargling noises out in the pond Mr. Swallow would imitate him. "Every evening when I got home," Mr. Swallow says, "I would get out of the car, slap my hand hard against the side, and yell 'Hey, stupid!' Hoover would climb out of the pond and waddle through the tall grass up toward the house, and as soon as he came into sight I'd always say, 'Hello, there.' One day, he made a noise that sounded an awful lot like 'Hello, dere.' I looked at him kind of funny and didn't think anything more about it. But a few days later some of the kids who were always hanging around the house told me my seal kept saying hello to them. That's when I really thought he was talking. I don't know today that I think he was *talking*, but I do think he was trying to be friendly. After a while, it got so I could say 'What's your name?' and he'd say 'Hoover.' When we took him to the Aquarium—we felt terrible, but he was eating seventy dollars' worth of fish a week, and it's not right to keep a wild animal too long—I told a fellow there, 'I think he can talk,' but he gave me such a look I never mentioned it again."



"Well, I'm sorry if my remarks hurt your feelings, but I think it's a little unfair of you to blame me. I said those things on the advice of a highly qualified therapist."

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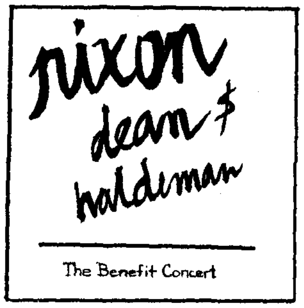
A year and a half ago, the Swallows visited Hoover in Boston. Mr. Swallow yelled "Hey, stupid!" and Hoover came over and took Mr. Swallow's hand in his mouth and tried to pull him into the seal pool. There's something else. Hoover sounds *exactly* like Mr. Swallow—except, as Mr. Swallow himself points out, when Hoover says "Hoover." Then, Mr. Swallow says, Hoover sounds more like the daughter of a neighbor of his who used to hang around the pond and liked to tell Hoover what his name was. According to Dr. Bruce Moore, a psychologist at Dalhousie University, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, who is interested in mimetic behavior, and who has an African gray parrot that can say almost two hundred words, Hoover's behavior, although he himself has never before heard of its appearance in a seal, accords with the way mimetic birds imprint themselves on human speech: they imitate voice tones as well as words. There's a parrot in Halifax that can say hello like the man who owns it, like his mother, and like his British uncle.

For Mr. Swallow, the important thing is not whether Hoover can talk; it's that, hearing about Hoover, people may realize how much they have to learn about animals and that they might be able to learn something from animals. "I could sit and watch an animal all day," he says. "They know a lot about the woods we don't—which plants to eat, for instance. I think they can sense whether you're looking for them or not. And they only take what they need for themselves. They believe in live and let live. They know what it's all about."

RECORD ROUNDUP

The Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal by former President Richard M. Nixon from a ruling by the United States Court of Appeals under which large portions of some 6,000 hours of White House tape recordings will eventually be released to the public.
—*The Times, November 30, 1982.*



PICK HIT: The Benefit Concert

MUST TO AVOID: Bad Rap

Nixon, Haldeman & Dean: *Blunder Down the Road* (District of Columbia) Not up to their *Smoking Gun* debut, though audio-wiz producer Alex Butterfield's notorious "walls of sound" remain serviceable. The B side is dismissable on the merits, but with Dick's country-bluesy growl on "Can of Worms" and Brushcut Bob's proto-new-wave incantation of "$900,000," Side One will pass as professional heat-taking at its baddest. But bad is as good as they get on this outing. Which is as it should be, and the profundo-paranoiac high of Nixon/Dean's smoochfest-as-dialectic "They Are Asking for It/What an Exciting Prospect" didn't change my mind. Bet they didn't change theirs either. **B MINUS**

Nixon & Dean: *Bad Rap* (Panmunjom import) The biggest ripoff of this or any century, with no less than eleven of twelve cuts mere soup's-on rephrasings of Nixon's own '50s and '60s anthems (all six extended-play "Crises" plus "Pumpkin Papers," "Communist Issue," "Anna Chennault," "Hoover Told Me," and the man's all-purpose signature tune, the self-fulfilling "This Thing Burns My Tail"). Besides which, when Tricky isn't covering himself he's covering Janis Joplin's "Bobby Was a Ruthless (Characterization Bleeped)," a charisma-grab not half as perverse as smoothie Dean's foray into faux-gospel backup antiphonies ("Absolutely!" "Totally true!" "That's correct!"), musically O.K.—Tormé meets Torquemada—but commercially misguided. **D MINUS**

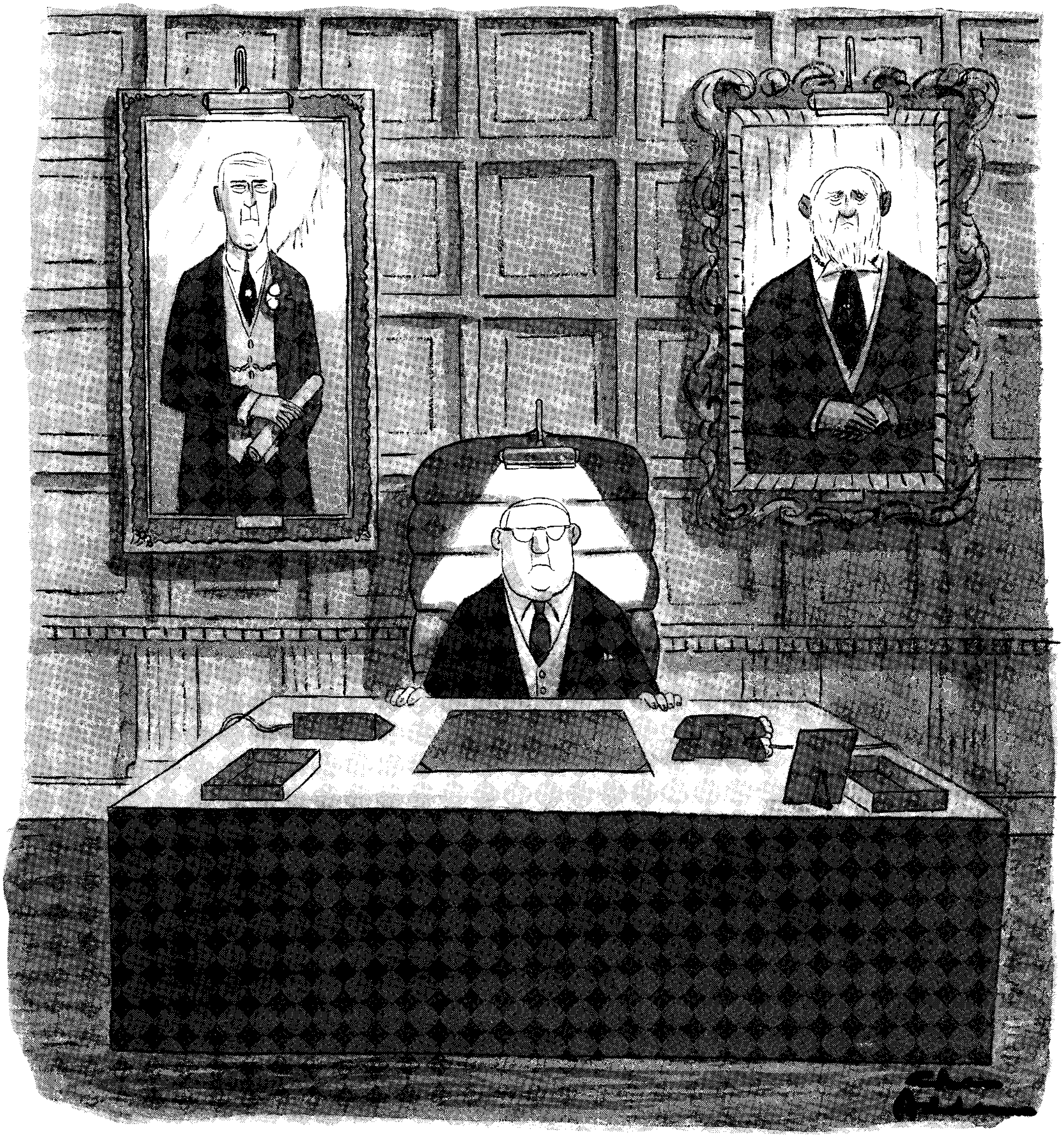
Nixon, Dean & Haldeman: *The Benefit Concert* (Creep) You can't play jailhouse mariachi with church-charity-bazaar chops, but these guys can—and did, in the definitive March 21, 1973, concert to aid prisoners of conscience victimized by Sirica-style justice. Unified by the rhythmically haunting Latinfluence of former house band Liddy & His Cubans while aspiring to the bigger, cleaner sound of Vesco & the Mexican Laundry, the gang finds its groove in a three-route statement melding socio-folkie concern ("How Much Money Do You Need?"), absurdist riffs ("Who Is Porter?"), and spiritual smarts ("As God Is My Maker/We Need More Money")—for sheer ride-this-thing-out staying power, the greatest album of all time. Dean, in superb voice (shoo-in airplay hit: "Cancer"), comes into his own as a soloist forever peerless even by the standard later set in the legendary Capitol Hill sessions. El Tricko, feeling his Quaker oats, pours on that baritone cream and serves up instant classic ("It Is Wrong That's for Sure"), while Haldeman brings home the metaphysical bacon with late-breaking robotica-sardonica, *viz.* "fatal flaw/verbal evil/stupid human errors/dopes," and none dare call it doowop. Not that all this means I have to like it, but I love it. And they almost get away with it. **A**

Nixon, Dean, Haldeman & Ehrlichman: *Wild Scenario* (Enemies List Productions) Search-and-seize tempos, thesaurus lyrics about "furtherance" and "concomitance"—as long as they kept breaking a few simple rules, there was no reason why this ensemble couldn't parlay its deeply involved harmonies into a pure celebration of criminal liability or even better. Ehrlichman's showboat presence here is an acoustic plus, and though his surprisingly apt cover of Liza's "That Problem Goes On and On" hardly bespeaks the "deep six" poet whose witty improvs would quasi-compensate for the group's ultimately fatal loss of the Dean pipes, it wears far better than Nixon's descent into bubblegum-maudlin, "We Can't Harm These Young People"—so indictably undanceable that you ignore it at your own peril. **B**

***Big Enchilada* (N.Y. Bar Association)** How you respond to this morose tribute compilation, which offers touching originals by Kleindienst ("Mitchell and I"), Haldeman ("Cover Up for John"), and Ehrlichman (the catchy title tune, natch) as well as ye-olde-memory-lane perfunctoriana (the Chief's "Good Man"), depends on your tolerance for sodden wee-hours-in-the-studio sentimentality about an aging master-performer never adequately recorded in his own right. I'd feel better about Henry Petersen wailing "LaRue broke down and cried like a baby/Not fully he broke down/But when it came to testifying about John Mitchell/He just broke down and started to cry" if Petersen knew as much about blues changes as he does about LaRue's tear ducts, or if I knew as much about Mitchell as I would if somebody had bothered to mike him where it would do the most good. Still, on this one they make you care, or at least they would if they knew how. **B MINUS**

Nixon, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Dean & Mitchell: *Inaudible* (Sony) Dumb title, and every word of it is true. Either Butterfield was asleep at the switch or this is a concept move for the Japanese abstraction market—a waste of plastic and, with Mitchell sitting in, an even worse waste of Enchilada exotica. Giveaway: "Yeah, yeah—the way, yeah, yeah, I understand. Postponed—right, right, yeah/Yeah, yeah/Right/Yeah/(Inaudible)." But they've never sounded looser. **C PLUS**

Nixon & Kleindienst: *Let's Stand Up for People* (Grand Jury) This tortured after-you-Alphonse act recycles the basics of limited-hang-out obscurity into strategically meaningless polyrhythms aching to transcend their own pungency. That a lot of it is artfully incoherent must mean Dick & Dick thought the long-overdue synthesis might just come naturally, but the album divides too neatly into standard-issue I-know-you-know hooks, standard-issue *you-know-I-know* hooks, and standard-issue I-thought-you-



ought-to-know-I-know-you-know hooks, plus a defiantly throwaway A-side opener, "Would You Like Coffee? Coca-Cola?"—one of those ersatz-icky coat-the-palate numbers played with such jumpy, nerve-jangled insincerity that it leaves you nursing few illusions about this pair's ability to cross over to simple pop truths. **C MINUS**

Nixon & Dean: *The Dean Farewell Tour* (Washington Post) You want soulful resignation, they've got soulful resignation, and they've got it with spark (fave: "Feet to the Fire"). You want the rush of live jamming, they've got that too, with sound effects ("I Am Sorry, Steve, I Hit the Wrong Bell"). Nifty strokes that put this partnership's final stamp on an electronic heritage. **A MINUS**

Nixon, Rogers, Haldeman & Ehrlichman: *Really Ticklish* (Dash) Even more painful than was intended. Sideman Rogers (who?) may be the turnoff element here, but by this time the group was so beset by personnel instability that distinctions are moot. Synth-zomboid Haldeman's "Facade of Normal Operations" tells more than it knows, and only Ehrlichman has the spirit to lighten the prevailing funk, mustering a Segrettiesque sense of theatre and playfulness for two Randy Newman-type persona pieces, " 'Suspend These Birds' " and " 'Dean Is Some Little Clerk.' " Maybe I'm taking it personally, but it seems to the Dean of American Rock Criticism, a.k.a. Some Other Little Clerk, that the dream was over, and not a point in time too soon. **F PLUS**

—Veronica Geng

THE EVOLUTION OF BIRDS OF PARADISE

THE *Ptiloris victoriae* has been stealing kitchen matches. The vanilla-white wood of perhaps a hundred matchsticks is visible within the dark weave of her nest, a knobbed oval wedged between two tilted volumes of Simon's 1954 edition of the Universal Standard Encyclopedia. Simon thinks she has chosen handsomely: the encyclopedia spines, although lean and somewhat frayed, are still upright on the desk. One page—in Volume 15, Idah-Jewe—is marked with a flattened orchid whose mummified pistil furls upward like a lizard's tongue, scholarly and dry. Simon tries to remember what continent he retrieved this flower from; he closes his eyes and sees only an island of reeds and the kinked tip of a crocodile's tail vanishing among them.

The desk itself is teak, and the nest spills forward across it in a prow of splayed twigs. Simon studies the massed papers. Lately, he has tried to shuffle them into a parallel-edged heap, but they falter into disorder, acquire the linked sienna rings of coffee-cup stains, crinkle at the edges. Above him, there is the thudding of bare feet. Ashley, his daughter-in-law, always runs down the stairs, although he has lectured frostily on the danger—the narrow treads, the steep, old-fashioned angle of ascent. Once, she did fall, and hit her forehead against the bannister, her hair fanning across the threadbare carpet. Somehow Simon felt it was his fault: without him, she was blithe, infallible. She had stayed obediently still, eyes closed, while he washed the blood away with a wetted handkerchief.

"Your handkerchief, Simon," she protested, when she opened her eyes. "You're ruining it."

"It doesn't matter," he said.

"It does matter," she said. "It's an antique."

Startled, he looked down to see that the yellowing linen still bore the tracery of his name, which Anna had long ago cross-stitched in neat Xs of shining thread. Anna had packed and left him thirty-four years ago, while he was in the field. He had returned to find a house magically bare of all signs of life. In her precise fashion, she had even removed their wedding picture from the wall, and plastered over the hole. He had picked at the patch of fresh plaster with his thumbnail and, when it refused to flake away, driven the blade of a kitchen knife into it. He had needed to reassure himself that the hole existed, that it had held a nail supporting a photograph—Anna, smiling sideways at him, her dark eyes expectant. It was true; she *had* expected something of him, and he had failed her.

"I've looked in the Salvation Army," Ashley said. "You just can't find these anymore." She was examining the crescents of the embroidered capitals.

"Keep it, if you like," he said. She looked at him guiltily; she had already thrust one corner into the pocket of her Levi's.

It is only through a foible of the National Science Foundation that Ashley lives in his house at all: the money came through for his son's research, and not for hers. Their subsequent strategy—nearly a year spent apart, with Michael exchanging the classrooms of the University of Colorado for an Army surplus tent pitched not far from Machu Picchu, while Ashley continued to teach—seems to Simon fraught with risk. For Michael, the tombs and terraces of Incan cities are an overwhelming passion, but Simon has observed evidence of uncertainty in Ashley. She bites her fingernails; her lecture notes for "An Introduction to Early Man in North America" are scribbled at the last moment, on the backs of grocery lists or torn telephone bills; she has put two small dents in the fenders of Michael's Fiat. "Why don't you go live with my father?" Michael had said. "We could use the money you'd save, and he has this huge old house where he rattles around all alone, and it makes him a little crazy. He could keep an eye on you, and you'd be terrific for him. You could keep him in touch with reality." "What makes you think I have any patent on reality?" Ashley said, but nonetheless she had come, settling her books into the shelves in Michael's old upstairs bedroom, wiping the dust from the narrow brass headboard of the bed.

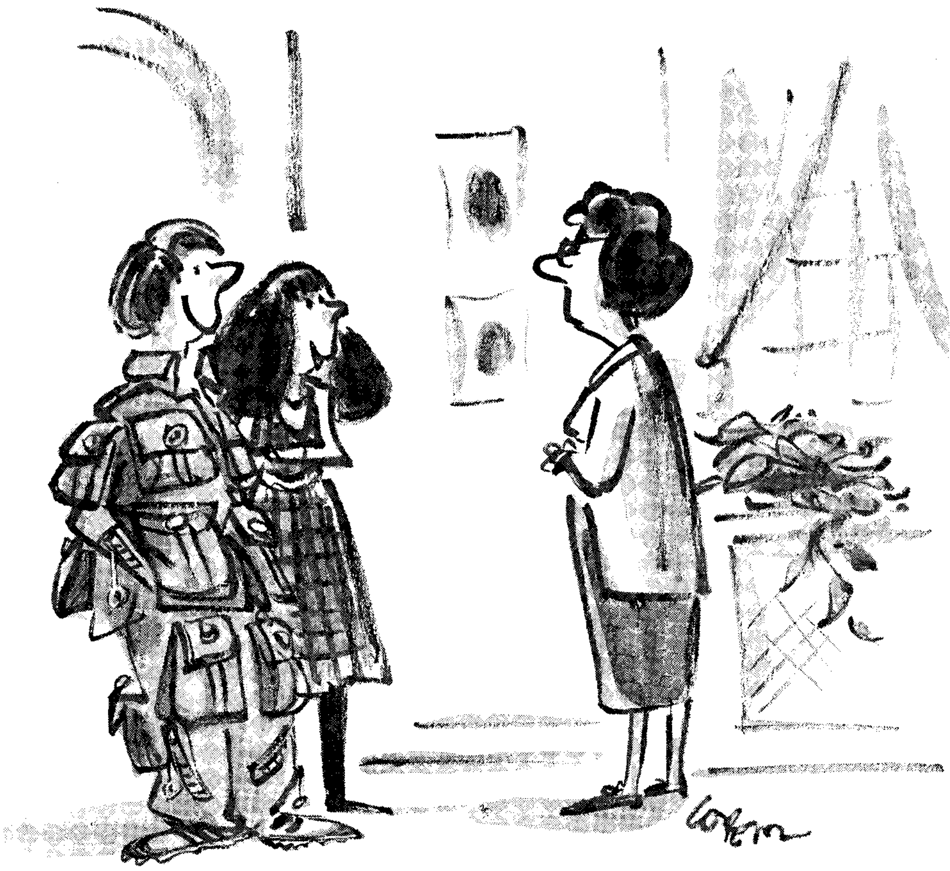
Now Simon lifts a Peruvian flute from among the manuscripts. He blows experimentally. A feather of dust lifts from the other end, startling the *Ptiloris victoriae*, Queen Victoria Riflebird, which has at that moment alighted on the crown of his bald head. Her feet are skittish and cool; he feels the claws as a scattering of hesitant pricks against his scalp. His fingers awkwardly stopper the holes of the flute. His knuckles seem far too large for such precise maneuvering. When he was twenty-two he once fished a fragment of bark from a cannibal's eye: the flat black disc of the pupil had held the reflection of Simon's hand, perfectly miniaturized, and the inside of the lid was the vulnerable, breathing coral of a trout's gill. In gratitude the cannibal had kissed Simon's knuckles. When he was thirty-four Simon could hold a curved, blue-gray fragment of eggshell, flecked with dirty-cinnamon spots, in a shaft of light filtering through the rain-forest canopy and name the female bird of paradise that had, until recently, harbored it. At forty Simon

could hear bones forming in the egg of a wren. At eighty-two, when the Queen Victoria's weight is gone from his head, he feels as if a crown had been removed. Ashley doesn't see the birds, but this has ceased to bother Simon, as long as she does not blunder into a courtship display, or drop one of her muddy running shoes into the gnarled fretwork of twigs and reeds belonging to a nesting female.

The Queen Victoria jumps to his desk, carrying a twig, this one long and forked and bearing one coppery leaf. It must be from the aspen tree to the left of the back door. The aspen lost all of its leaves early this winter, and is certainly failing. Three times, Simon has considered cutting the tree down, and each time decided against it, in part because the straight lower branch still holds the two uneven lengths of rope, fraying and always damp, that once held the yellow board on which Michael had spent whole afternoons swinging, his legs lifting and falling loosely. Whenever Simon rests the blade of the axe against the silver bark, he seems to hear the double creak of the vanished swing—two notes, one for ascent, one for the downward arc.

The placement of the twig puzzles the Queen Victoria. Simon sees that the nest is nearly finished; the innermost hollow precisely accords with the span of her breast. She will be guarded by this structure the way, in fairy tales, princesses are guarded by walls of thorns. She tucks the twig into a gap between strands of gray lichen and, dissatisfied, thrusts it in farther. Two eggs, Simon thinks, of a color paler than the interior of a conch shell, and far more frail. He knocks on wood. The Queen Victoria disappears into the steeple-shaped shadow between the two encyclopedias.

"I have a bone to pick with you, Simon," Ashley says from the doorway of his study. She has on a pair of Levi's that Michael long ago abandoned, held at the waist by a beaded belt that says "New Mexico." The belt is buckled at the very last notch. She is wearing a black sweatshirt with the sleeves pushed up above her elbows, and a John Deere cap pulled down to shadow her eyes. The leaping deer on the front of the cap mimics the arch of one eyebrow. Even her name, he sometimes thinks, is simply one more aspect of the androgyny in which young women camouflage themselves nowadays. He has never actually questioned her about her name, preserving, for once, the crafty, patriarchal silence he equates with dignity in a father-in-law.



"Mother, this is Randy. Randy loves pockets."

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"Oh?" he says. "What bone would that be?"

"You amaze me, you know," she says. "Two wars, treks into New Guinea when it was still riddled with headhunters, a couple of tropical diseases, and you still think that knocking on wood will ward off dangers."

"Three wars," he says. "I was an adviser in the Korean War."

"An adviser?"

"Someone had the bright idea of reintroducing carrier pigeons."

"Oh."

"Not a handsome bird, exactly." After his years spent in the pursuit of birds of paradise, the pigeons had seemed muddling, quiescent, ash-colored. "But they have made a sort of virtue of self-possession. They can find their way through clouds of smoke, and they're not easily rattled."

"I didn't know you'd been involved in something like that."

"It was years ago," he says. "So you think that an old man ought to relinquish superstition? Ought to be dispassionate?"

"I can't imagine you dispassionate."

"You can't? A growing introspection, a calm renunciation of my failing powers?" He holds his hands, palm upward, for her inspection, and is briefly amused to find the fingers trembling. He has always gotten carried away in proving his own points. "Nothing up my sleeve, Madam." Beneath the bill of the skewed man's cap, her eyes go a shade darker. He likes her eyebrows: feather-shaped, the outer tips seeming faintly smudged.

"I have yet to see you renounce anything," she says. "You, introspective? It's an oxymoron. You've had a finger in every pie for decades—at least every pie that had anything to do with birds."

"Four and twenty blackbirds," Simon says.

"Don't go whimsical on me," she says. "Just last week you nearly sent poor Dr. Cooper into cardiac arrest over the taxonomy of birds of paradise. It's not enough that the two of you have been quarrelling since 1924. You have to go and torment him while he's flat on his back in an oxygen tent."

"I went to see him as a gesture of professional courtesy," he says. "I wouldn't have attempted it five years ago, because there were other people around then who were simply better at that sort of thing than I, people who can sit in those gummy metal hospital chairs and contentedly play gin rummy, or discourse on falling snow—"

"You wouldn't touch a deck of cards to save your life, and if you did play gin rummy, it would be so that you could beat him at it," she says. "You must have provoked him, Simon."

"I merely observed that the ancestral stock of the birds of paradise was undoubtedly starlinglike," Simon says. "What happened after that wasn't my fault."

Cooper had sat up against his crisp pillows, enraged. "How can you stand there and spout that crap to me as if it's gospel?" he had shouted. "Next you'll be questioning the existence of the arboreal monogamous ancestors!"

"I *am* leaning toward polygyny," Simon had confessed. "It will mean redrawing the family tree, but I do find myself disenchanted with the idea of those monogamous pairs of ancestors blown down the East Indian archipelago by various punctual hurricanes."

"They had to get to New Guinea somehow," Cooper roared. "It's an island, for the love of God!"

"Starlings are such interesting birds, though, aren't they? Brainy and, in an evolutionary sense, so willing to try anything once."

"You're too late. You can't rewrite the whole of 'The Evolution of Birds of Paradise.' You're too old."

Simon obligingly spread his knuckly hands. The veins on the backs were the color of slate, and there were various spots and flecks. He is growing dappled. "I am old," he said. Cooper shook his head irritably, as if that were an obvious lie. "I eat Cheerios while I watch the ten-o'clock news, and I get to watch the sun come up. I am of course prepared to take on a substantial amount of observation in the field."

"In the field?" Cooper said.

"In the field."

"But the field is New Guinea," Cooper said.

Simon cleared his throat softly.

"That's utterly impossible," Cooper said. "A man of your age, the frailty of your hands. Isn't there something wrong with your heart as well?"

"No," Simon said. "Not a damn thing wrong with my heart." But Cooper had already subsided into a long, unwavering, absent-minded stare. Simon remembered the cannibal's eye, clearing suddenly, enormous and patient. Cooper, although still looking directly at him, had forgotten he was there.

"It was your fault, and you know it," Ashley says.

"Maybe," he amends, because she is still studying him beneath the tilted visor of her cap. "I was also, in part, motivated by curiosity. I wanted to see how he was doing it."

"Doing what?"

"Dying," he says. If he thinks this will daunt her, he is clearly mistaken.

"So why did you take him milkweed pods? When I telephoned to find out why you weren't home, the nurse said you were carrying a whole armful of rattling weeds that you dropped on the bedside table. You didn't even wait for her to bring a jar."

"I know it seems strange," he says, "but I've always found them so beautiful, like small gray canoes filled with bleached silk." Thoughtfully, he moves a chipped glass paperweight across the dusty teak. Within the encyclopedia-framed gap, a black eye gleams. "Cooper spent more than thirty years in the field. In one of our rare amicable moments, we were comparing horror stories, and he bested me—told me how he had once lived for a week on water stored in an enormous, hollowed-out ostrich egg that had been given to him by a friendly aborigine. He said the water at first was bitter, then it started to have a medicinal taste, and the last few swallows went down like wine. Now, what would a man like that want with narcissi?"

"I don't know," she says.

"I can tell you," he says. "Nothing. Nothing at all."

AN hour later, Simon is standing on a kitchen chair changing a light bulb, as Ashley answers the telephone in the hallway. Her demurral seems courteous and contrived, perhaps for his benefit, and when she finally acquiesces the person at the other end of the line cannot have been astonished. "Somebody must have broken a leg," she calls to Simon after she hangs up. "Because I just got invit-

THE VIEW

Remember how the door in our first apartment always stuck?
Now the building is a Chinese laundry & the Spaniard,
who kept us up clapping flamenco, asked where you were.

I admitted I didn't know. Perhaps too much happens
& the loss is finally for something that never existed?
Returning may be a step forward, but now the question

is how much we can bear to question. Change, I think,
happens almost always too late. Yes, I still miss
the way you washed your hands before undressing & how

your green eyes darkened with desire. I remember
what was promised. That once I believed I could die of love.
That, like fate & youth & weather, it continued forever.

This is the first day of the new year & around me everywhere
the light is less convincing. I mean to say the view this morning
from every direction is still lovely, if a little darker.

—Philip Schultz

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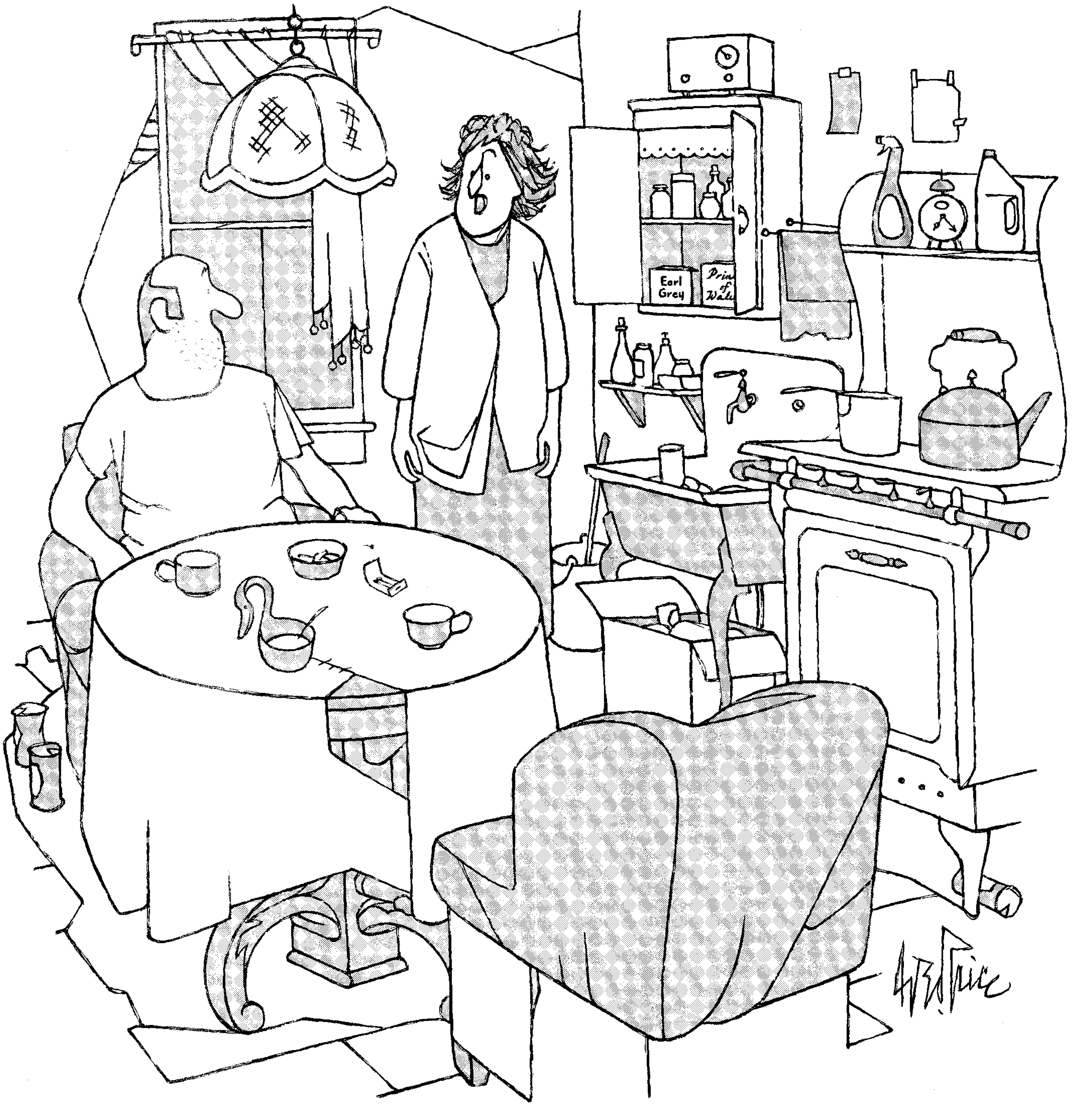


"What's your pleasure—Earl Grey or Prince of Wales?"

• •

ed to the Petersons' for the evening."

"It wouldn't require a broken leg, surely?"

"They're snobs," she says. "They like to focus on defectors from Soviet-bloc countries, escapees from the Moonies, ex-convicts. Not Wasp associate professors of anthropology. I'll have to go and change." She runs—still barefoot, skipping every two steps—up the flight of wooden stairs to her room. When she comes back down, he sees that she has changed into a black dress with a shallow neckline. One strap is twisted clumsily, like that of a child's bathing suit. Yearning rises from the pit of Simon's stomach; the back of his throat tastes coarsely of rust. She is wearing a string of amber, one of his many tentative gifts of rapprochement to Anna, which Anna wore once and then abandoned, because, she told him, it made her neck look "blunt." He had thought it made her look queenly. Ashley appropriated it—another of the childlike confiscations with which she unsettles his house. She sits, careless of the dress, in a straight-backed oak chair at the kitchen table. Abruptly the male *Paradisaea minor*, Lesser Bird of Paradise, lights on her bare shoulder. Simon halts for a moment to stare down. The Lesser Bird of Paradise cocks its head to gaze back at him. The iris of its eye is a clear lime yellow. "The

NEW YORK POST
ARGH!
DAILY NEWS
YEEEK!
The New York Times
BLAH BLAH BLAH
ZIEGLER

chair is wobbling, Simon," Ashley says.

"It's all right."

"It's too old to stand on like that—"

"I'm sure it's quite reliable."

"Would you like me to hold it for you?"

"No, please don't get up."

"I can't live here forever without lifting a finger."

"You can hardly believe you've lived here forever," he says. Her hyperbole sometimes stings his sense of exactitude. Simon believes that politeness is simply one variation of accuracy.

"No," she says. "I mean that you shouldn't have to do all the work for both of us."

"I do precious little more than I would for myself alone," he says. He tinkers with the light bulb. He is reluctant to twist it the rest of the way in, fearing that when he does she will get up, disturbing the Lesser Bird of Paradise. He has not had nearly enough time to observe it. He is pleased to see that the curved barbs of the long white tail feathers are utterly free of lice. Snowy, neat, and separate, they fall between Ashley's shoulder blades, brushing the back of her chair. Before she came, he had sighted only blackbirds, sparrows, and an occasional nightjar or marsh hen—nothing that excited his professional interest. After Michael had gone, and she had been in the house only two weeks, Simon found ferns unfurling like sea horses from the cracks between the floorboards, and brilliant feathers strayed into his pockets. He had retrieved his old pair of binoculars from the back of a closet shelf, dusted them off, and taken to wearing them around his chest, where their cool remembered weight balanced like a second, steadier heart.

The Lesser Bird of Paradise's tail feathers flick in agitation. It shifts to keep its balance while Ashley lights a cigarette. Its wings slant forward, the feathers extending in a dovetailed curve. It holds this pose, stiff with ardor or apprehension, within a haze of slowly rising cigarette smoke. "Simon, aren't you done yet?"

"Done." He dusts his palms against his trousers. "Stay like that, would you?"

"Why should I?"

"I was thinking what Michael would give to see you like this."

"Oh? What would Michael give?"

"His right arm," Simon says. "Willingly."

"I'm not as sure as you are," she says. "He hasn't written for nearly two months. The last letter he wrote was from Cuzco. He was sitting at a café table, reading 'A Farewell to Arms' and drinking espresso. He said that 'A Farewell to Arms' wasn't as good as he remembered."

Simon gives the bulb in its socket a final, extraneous twist, proving—he hopes—his extreme care. He intends it as a sort of reproof. Ashley inhales cigarette smoke; the lesson is lost on her. He climbs down from the chair and drops the old bulb into the paper bag below the sink.

"I suppose you think it's silly of me to want to go somewhere in all this snow," she says.

"Not necessarily," he says carefully. "A great deal of valuable information was exchanged at faculty parties even in my era."

It is one of their problems: they often begin to apologize at the same moment, and abandon the attempt out of a sort of mutual embarrassment. She twists the cigarette out in a small, violent spiral in the bottom of the ashtray and sees him watching. "Maybe I ought to give up smoking for one of my New Year's resolutions," she says.

"Excellent idea."

"There's a big difference, you know, Simon. You were famous in your era. Of course people courted you and told you things. You and McPherson discovered the birds of paradise—"

"That's inaccurate, as you very well know."

"It must have been *extraordinary*—to observe their courtship in the rain forest when you knew no one had ever seen anything like that before. Michael thinks you've never quite gotten over it."

"Michael believes in getting over things."

"And you don't?"

"Sometimes not. There are certain things I wouldn't want to get over."

For a moment, he observes her: the thin shoulder, the shading of the eyelids, the glimpse of vein in her wrist. The Lesser Bird of Paradise seems frozen on her shoulder; only its golden eye blinks. Ashley lights a second cigarette, after tapping it against the kitchen table. She does not seem surprised to have caught him staring; she simply stares back. Then she rises to turn on the light, and the Lesser Bird of Paradise—startled, the wings doubling back toward the body, its nape suddenly dimming into shadow—takes flight, and swerves around a corner of the refrigerator and down the hallway. She sits back down and awkwardly crosses her legs. Simon has never seen her in high heels before. He is almost certain that they are not the sort of thing a young woman ought to wear into the snow. He strains to remember Anna's shoes; his only memory is of something sullen, with a pinched tongue and bone buttons. He dismisses it hurriedly. He thinks of Ashley as a glorified tomboy, her beauty all unwitting. It pains him that she would suddenly display the fine curve of her instep in such a precarious black shoe. He leans against the counter and looks away from her, out the window. In the light from the kitchen, the falling snow is dense and uneven. It seems to pause in its downward slant several inches above the ground, as if balked by the warmth the earth still casts upward.

"The snow's not even sticking," she says.

"It's beginning to stick." He feels suddenly irritable.

"The driving should be all right for a while longer. It's really not all that far from here."

"I haven't seen the lights of a single solitary snowplow," he says. "This is the very worst sort of weather to do any driving in. They don't consider a storm like this serious enough to get off their bums and start plowing. You'll hear them out about midnight, not before."

"Fine," she says. "A little after midnight, after everyone's kissed everyone, I can come home. It's New Year's Eve, Simon."

"I don't need to be told what night it is." He unscrews the lid of a jar of Skippy. It is creamy peanut butter instead of chunky, and Ashley likes chunky, but it is not his fault. He did the best he could.

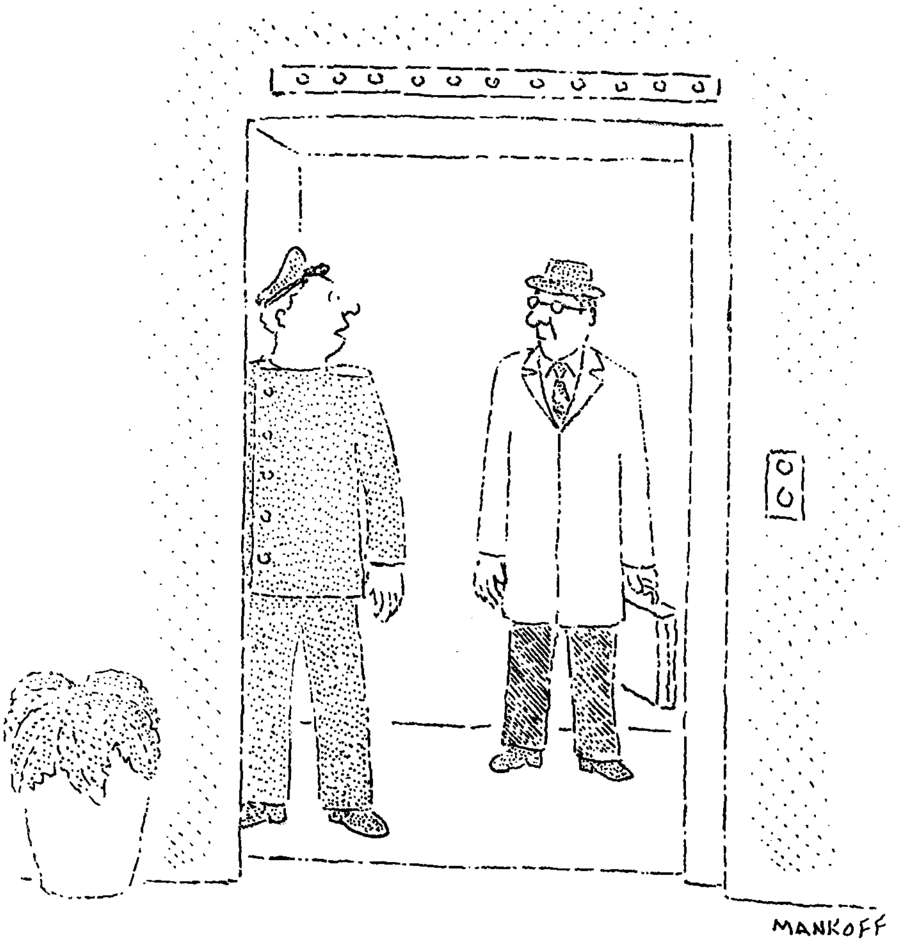
IN the 7-Eleven—the one store he found open when he went out earlier that evening—an old woman had been sweeping things into a ragged net shopping bag hanging by a string from the crook of her elbow: chocolate milk in pint-size wax cartons; a dented box of Count Chocula breakfast cereal; chocolate-covered graham crackers, Oreos, and Pepperidge Farm Milanos; Hershey's chocolate bars; chocolate Santa Clauses in parchment-thin red-and-silver foil, left over from Christmas; one yellow and one brown bag of M&M's. Scanning the shelves, she chose a can of cat food and dropped it into her bag with the other things. Simon was watching. The old woman lifted her bag and rattled it provocatively at him, as a triumphant hunter might display a rabbit by its heels. "You're lucky you're not old," she said.

It confused him. "I'm as old as you," he said.

"You are?" She frowned. "I must say you hide it pretty well. I myself don't stand a chance. The cat wears me down. Morning, noon, and night, nag, nag, nag."

"I am old," he had said, for the second time that week, and, in the cramped aisle below the glimmering fluorescent lights, it had suddenly come true.

In the street outside the 7-Eleven, cars slid by, fans of brown slush rising behind each wheel. Crossing the street warily, Simon observed how small and crooked his house looked, its steep Victorian roof the only old-fashioned angle in a block of condominiums whose right angles and massive slabs of pebbled cement offer insufficient habitat for even a sparrow. As Simon watched, a Count Raggi's Bird of Paradise flew slowly across one of the upstairs windows of his house. Simon balanced the paper bag in the crook of his elbow and withdrew a small notebook from his jacket pocket. It was already getting colder, and his fingers ached around the bitten pencil stub. "*Paradisaea raggiana*," he wrote crookedly. "♂. Spectacular!" He crossed the last word out as unprofessional. He must learn to be harsher with his own lapses. The *Paradisaea raggiana* was yellow-crowned, black-breasted, with an astonishing tail of pale-apricot plumes; he could not refrain from doing a small dance step on the icy curb. Two boys were watching him from the far corner. One of them bent and scooped a stone from the gutter. He was wearing a Darth Vader face mask. Simon thought suddenly of the Papuan New Guineans who had tattooed crescents of blue ink above the bridges of their wide noses and their flat, feminine cheekbones. The young tribesmen had had something of Darth Vader's faceted, unblinking menace. The stone caught Simon squarely between the shoulder blades. He put the

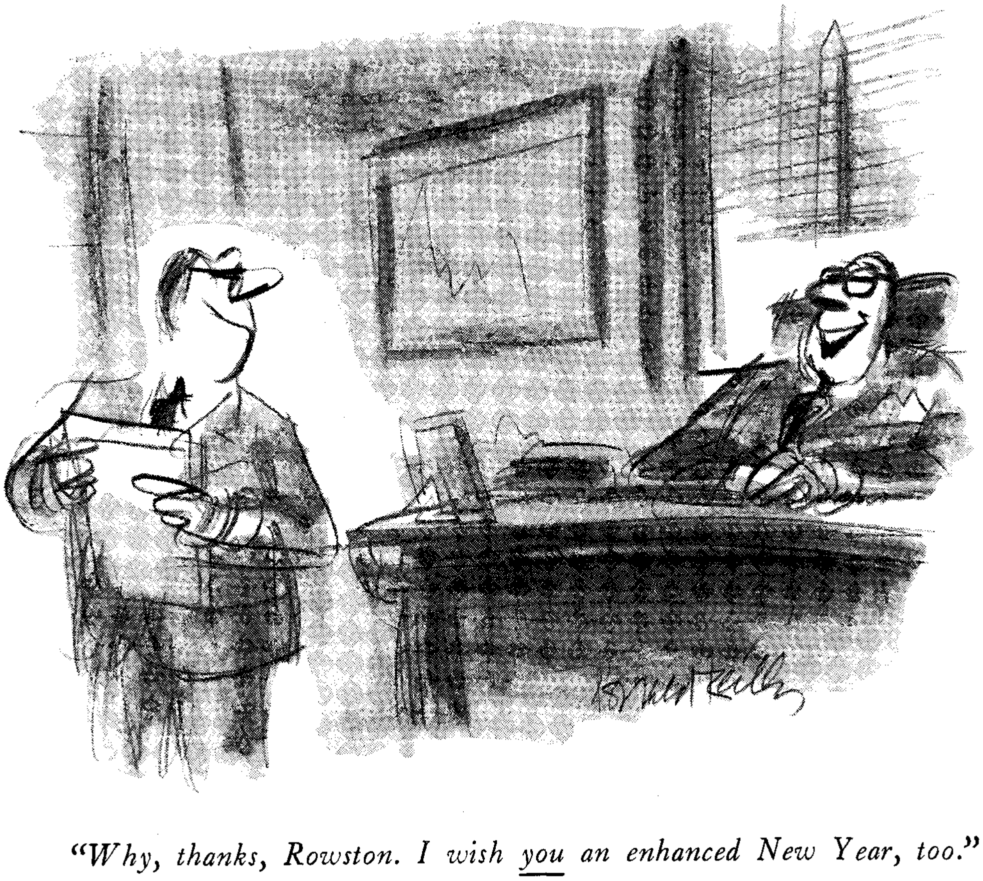


"Seasonal enough for you, sir?"

pencil away and tucked the notebook securely into his pocket. He felt absurdly lucky to have made a sighting from outside the house—*P. raggiana!* —and at such an unlikely hour. "Crazy man, crazy man, lives his life in an old tin can!" One of the voices was muted by the face mask. A lucky throw, Simon thought. He loped stiffly homeward, the brown paper bag under his arm.

He takes saucers from the cupboard; he puts one peanut-butter sandwich in the unchipped saucer and deposits it gallantly in front of Ashley. "Look, Simon," she says, "we need to air our differences." He nods. He likes anything to do with air, or light. His only objection to New Guinea had been that the light in the rain forest seemed sifted and inaccessible. If he and Anna had aired their differences, perhaps she would not now be in a condominium (in her letters to Michael, she calls it, affectionately, "the condo") in Miami Beach, on a narrow balcony far too high above the sea. In their fashion, he and Ashley have solved other problems. What had particularly dismayed her, in the beginning, was his habit of using up several jars of Vicks VapoRub in a week. She burned small wands of sandalwood incense to rid the living room of the damp, tropical taint that Simon secretly loved. He had agreed, with some reluctance, to use Vicks VapoRub in the bathroom, in modest amounts, and only on those afternoons when she is teaching.

There are still problems, although Simon considers them minor: Ashley gets telephone calls, mysterious and prolonged, quite late at night. Simon wakes in his narrow bed to the single *ching* of the receiver as she lifts it, catching it before the first complete ring. She must whisper, the telephone cradled to her jaw, facing the corner where he leaves his overshoes. Who telephones her? He can't make out a word. McPherson used to stand amazed when Simon would pinpoint the location of a single Magnificent Bird of Paradise on a distant ridge. "*Ca cru cru cru,*" Simon would mimic, for McPherson's benefit. "He's a musical little bastard. *Diphyllodes magnificus*, north by northeast, at an elevation of perhaps two hundred and fifty feet above the forest floor." "Damn," McPherson would say. "Can you really hear the bloody thing from this far away?" Who telephones her, and why does she talk so long? The ache within his rib cage, he reasons, must be a sort of paternal jealousy. It does not ease until, sometimes an hour later, she replaces the telephone receiver and—this time with cunning quiet—climbs the creaking stairs to her room.



"Why, thanks, Rowston. I wish you an enhanced New Year, too."

"Simon," she says. "I've been under certain pressures—*professional* pressures; I won't bore you with them—lately, and they sometimes make me feel slightly claustrophobic. I know you've seen signs of it. I've been losing my temper entirely too often."

"I always take it with a grain of salt."

"A grain of salt the size of Antarctica," she says. She studies the smoke, which drifts toward the ceiling. "You've been very patient with me, and I've liked living here, but I dislike the feeling that you are watching over me. It's not something you're obligated to do, and it must be exhausting for you, and I sometimes find it—distracting."

"Distracting?"

"Distracting."

It is, he thinks, a gentle word, more introspective than "annoying," less specific than "bothersome." He has seen her do worse, with less provocation. He looks at her with renewed admiration as she stands brushing the front of the black dress. His sandwich, untouched, rests in the chipped dime-store saucer painted with thistles. She has left only her crusts.

"I ought to get going," she says. "The Fiat will probably stall on me, and I don't want to be too late. Can I ask you something?"

"Ask," he says.

"I especially don't want you to stay awake all night long because of me."

"It's New Year's Eve."

"I don't need to be told what night it is," she says. In the hallway she lifts her coat in a clatter of empty hangers. He has intended for years to clean out the closet; lying on the floor is an ancient umbrella of Anna's, dusty and tightly furled, which Anna somehow overlooked. Ashley shrugs on the long blond coat and turns the collar up against her chin. Nervously, with a stilted grace he attributes to her high heels, she crosses the kitchen and hugs him. "Don't wait up," she says. "You won't, will you?"

"Why?" he says. "Do you think I've nothing better to do?"

—Elizabeth Tallent

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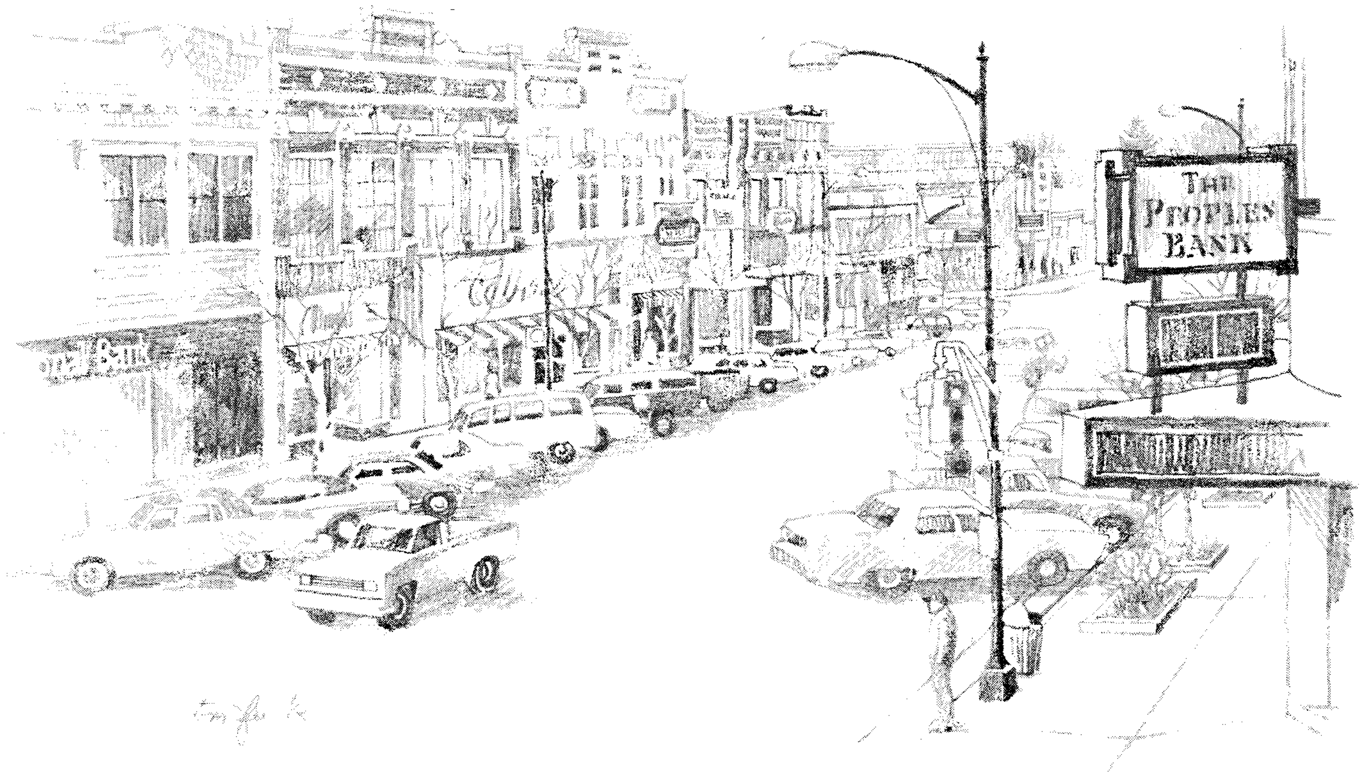
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Illustrated London News*]

Nov 5, 7pm. Rolling of the Tar Barrels. An illuminated carnival & a bonfire start the proceedings before eight tar barrels are set alight at about 9pm & thrown from one man to another as each finds the heat unbearable. Ottery St Mary, Nr Exeter, Devon.

PROFILES

WHEAT COUNTRY

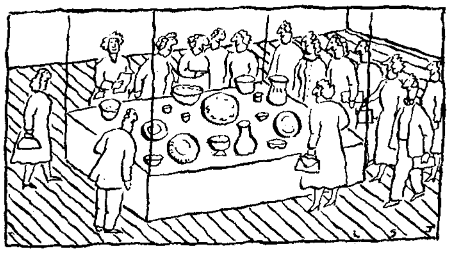


I CAME to Pratt (pop. 6,885), the seat of Pratt County, in the windy high plains of south-central Kansas, on an afternoon in early spring. I came down from the north on U.S. Highway 281, through an enormous verdant countryside of sprouting winter wheat. The high plains were originally almost treeless, and the only trees that I could see now were the work of man—an occasional windbreak wall of cottonwoods and Russian olive and bushy Eastern red cedar standing along a faraway horizon. Highway 281 is a narrow blacktop road, not much wider than a driveway, and the wheat, still only a couple of inches high, had the look of grass, of lustrous lawn. I had the feeling, mile after unchanging mile, of drifting up the endless approach of some great estate.

A darker green appeared up ahead. It broadened and lifted into a canopy of treetops. But it wasn't another windbreak. It was Pratt. An organ-pipe cluster of grain elevators, the skyscrapers of the plains, thrust up through the trees, and just beyond them rose two silvery, spider-legged water towers. The wheat-field lawns gave way to rough pasture. There was a low white building on the right: "Central Well & Pump." And on the left: "Pratt Implement Co." A vacant lot with a barbed-wire fence plastered with tumbleweed, and then: "Mid-Kansas Iron & Metal." There was a railroad crossing, a siding with a string of Southern Pacific freight cars, and a yellow brick depot off to the right. The highway widened. Its two lanes became four. Its blacktop became brick—old, polished, rosy-red paving brick. There were sidewalks shaded by big honey locusts, and houses—most of them two-story houses and many of them built of brick—set in tidy little lawns. I passed beneath the two big water towers, and glanced back and up. One of them was twice the size of the other. Lettered in black on its shining flank was "COLD." The other was labelled "HOT." ("Ah, yes—the water towers," Ned Kelley, the production manager at KWLS, the Pratt radio station, said when we met a day or two later. "That's one of the things I like best about Pratt. It has a sense of humor. I came here from Kansas City by way of Denver and a few points in between, and it's my experience that most towns take themselves too seriously. Pratt doesn't—not even in the sacred realm of high-school athletics. Around the region here, we've got the Cunningham Wildcats, the Medicine Lodge Indians, the St. John Tigers, and the Skyline Thunderbirds. But the Pratt team is the Greenbacks, whose mascot is the Fighting Frog.") The wide brick street was Main Street. The trees, the lawns, the comfortable houses continued for five or six blocks to a traffic light—to First Street. First Street was two-thirds the width of Main Street, and it was conventionally paved with asphalt and concrete. Beyond the intersection was South Main Street, the business district—four long blocks of stores and offices, of wide sidewalks graced with more shading locust trees, with flowering plants in decorative planters, with wooden benches, weathered but unvandalized. The curbs were solid with angle-parked cars, there was stop-and-go traffic on the wide red street, and pedestrians were waiting dutifully at the crossings. Just across the intersection, in front of Skaggs Ace Hardware, a policeman with a chalk stick was strolling along the curb, marking the tires of the cars parked there.

THERE are no Pratts residing in Pratt, and there have never been any. The town of Pratt takes its name from the county, and the county was named for a young native of Massachusetts, Caleb S. Pratt, who came to Kansas in 1854, soon after its establishment as a territory. He was in his early twenties and one of the early beneficiaries (or recruits) of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company. The company was an abolitionist organization dedicated to quickly populating the prospective state ("Bleeding Kansas" in the company's emotional literature) with like-minded activists in order to stem the threatened spread of slavery westward from the neighboring states of Missouri and Arkansas. Pratt settled in Lawrence, on the eastern edge of the territory, and rapidly made a name for himself in territorial politics. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in the 1st Kansas Infantry, was elected second lieutenant, marched off to Missouri, and was one of the Union casualties in the costly Confederate victory at Wilson's Creek. In death, he became something of a local hero, and in 1867 the newly constituted Kansas state legislature named a newly constituted county—hundreds and hundreds of square miles of billowing buffalo grass, which few white men had ever even seen—in his honor.

The name by which the town of Pratt was originally known was Pratt Center, and for good reason. It was situated, by the artful design of its founders, in the exact center of the county. (That center was, and is, the intersection of Main and First Streets.) This was done in the hope of achieving its designation as the Pratt County seat. The hope was realized, of course, but not without a struggle. In 1884, when the town was incorporated, Pratt County contained some thirty distinct and belligerently ambitious communities, according to the local historian J. Rufus Gray (who died, toward the end of my visit, at the age of ninety-five). Pratt is now, for all practical purposes, the only town in the county. The others are all dead and gone, or dying—a dozen little houses here, a boarded-up red brick school there, a boarded-up red brick bank (with a cornerstone marked "A.D. 1907"), a boarded-up filling station (with a rusty manual pump and a dial still reading "27½¢ per gal."), a fly-specked grocery store with a post office in a corner, a clapboard Methodist church. But, more than that, Pratt is the only town of any size for six or eight counties around, and it is in conspicuously robust health. Its South Main Street business district is intact and flourishing, and includes a minareted Moorish movie theatre that shows first-run Hollywood films seven nights a week. It has an eighty-four-bed hospital—the Pratt Regional Medical Center, which is served by a staff of fourteen physicians, augmented by a rotation of preceptors, internes, and residents from the University of Kansas School of Medicine—that was recently thoroughly modernized at a cost of seven million dollars. Most of its business and professional leaders are relatively young: the average age of the members of the Rotary Club is forty. Pratt has a daily newspaper—most unusual these days in a town so small—called the *Tribune*, whose news editor, Doug Weller, is twenty-five. There are few houses for rent in Pratt, and almost no apartments. There are very few houses for sale for less than fifty thousand dollars, and those few are older houses on the older streets. There are, however, many houses newly built or being built (for a hundred thousand dollars or more) on the treeless outskirts of town. The older residential streets in Pratt are named for trees (Elm, Maple, Cherry, Walnut) or states (Iowa, Illinois, Ohio) or Presidents (Washington, Garfield, Cleveland, Grant). The newer streets reflect a more contemporary imagination: Park View



CROSSING THE STARS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

Another year. As if exercising its right to be a symbol,
The digital clock breaks down at 12:15
With a sound like birds chirping. I open the drapes
And stare at the empty house across the woodlot,
Beyond it Thrushwood Lake—an old-fashioned oval mirror
Fallen in snow, reflecting the moonlight.

Such moonlight! It is as if I'm staring
Into a winter batik, cracked with the lines
Of birches and poplars—or a jigsaw puzzle
Glued together, hung on a flickering wall
Beneath a spotlight shining from the ceiling,
The light between the lines absorbed, absorbing.

Behind me, in your long blue gown, you're watching
A movie of the Alps. The mountain climbers each
Have sown a shrivelled eagle's tongue inside their coats;
And one is snow-blind, holding up the rest.
You whisper, "Look at this." I turn and he is falling,
Tumbling, bouncing, sliding from the crest.

I shiver, thinking of a face inside a cowl,
How too great clarity makes things untrue,
And it starts snowing now. The oval lake turns white,
A backdrop for an onyx cameo.
Nothing in a film, say cameramen, is quite so beautiful
As scenes shot through the slowly falling snow.

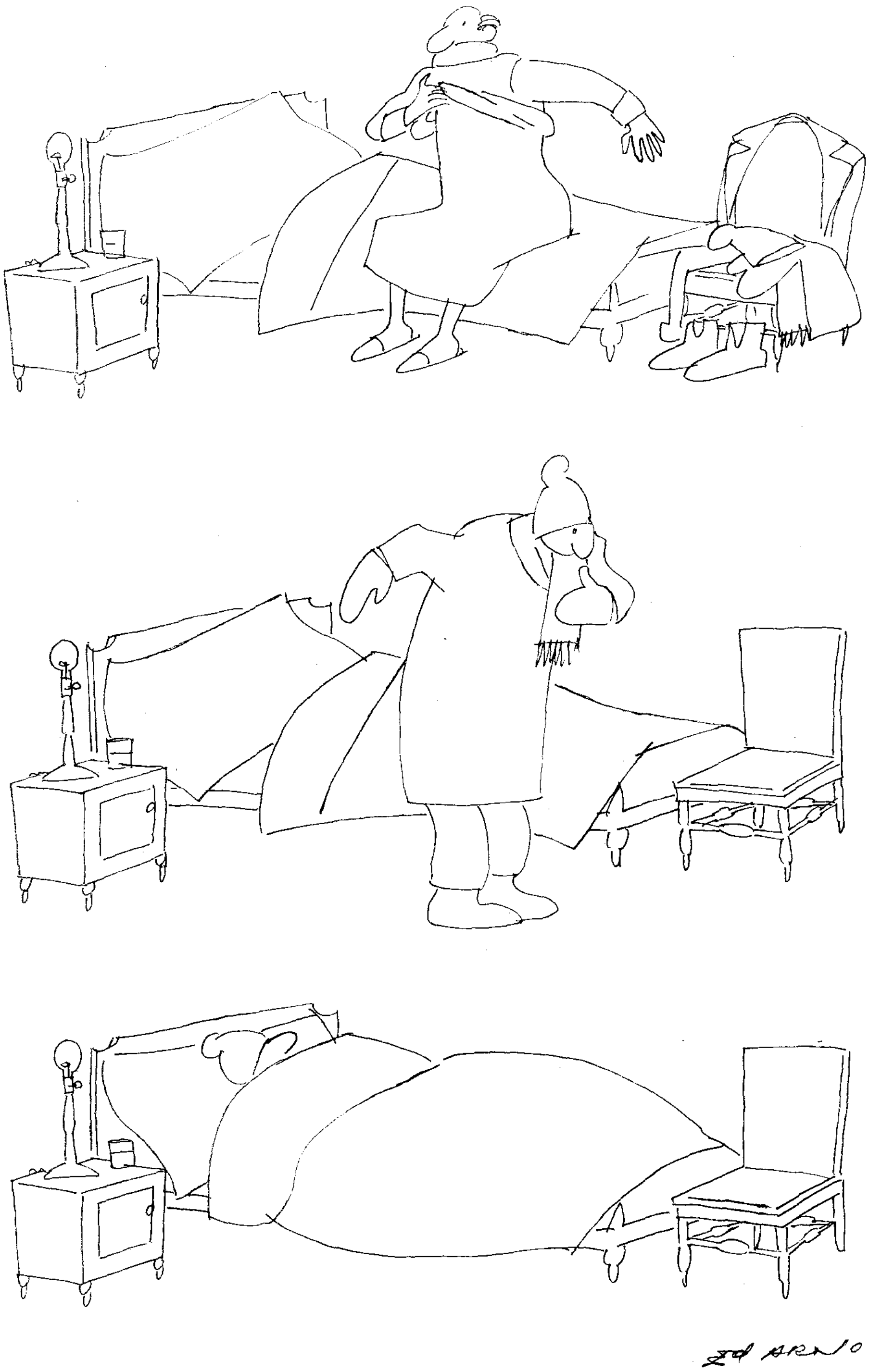
You shut the television off. A blanket wrapped around
Your shoulders, you stand by me. All out there
Is fading into white. The hills, the lake, the house,
The woodlot—all are gone. The moon has disappeared
Inside a bank of clouds. Just swirling snow
I shine a flashlight into meets our eyes.

"But how beautiful," you say, "a tunnel, look!"
And we peer into it, along the flashlight's beam,
At crystals spiralling. It's as if we've poked
A hole right through a swirling galaxy
Of dense stars. At the tunnel's end
A living tree stands branched out like a man.

—Dick Allen

• •

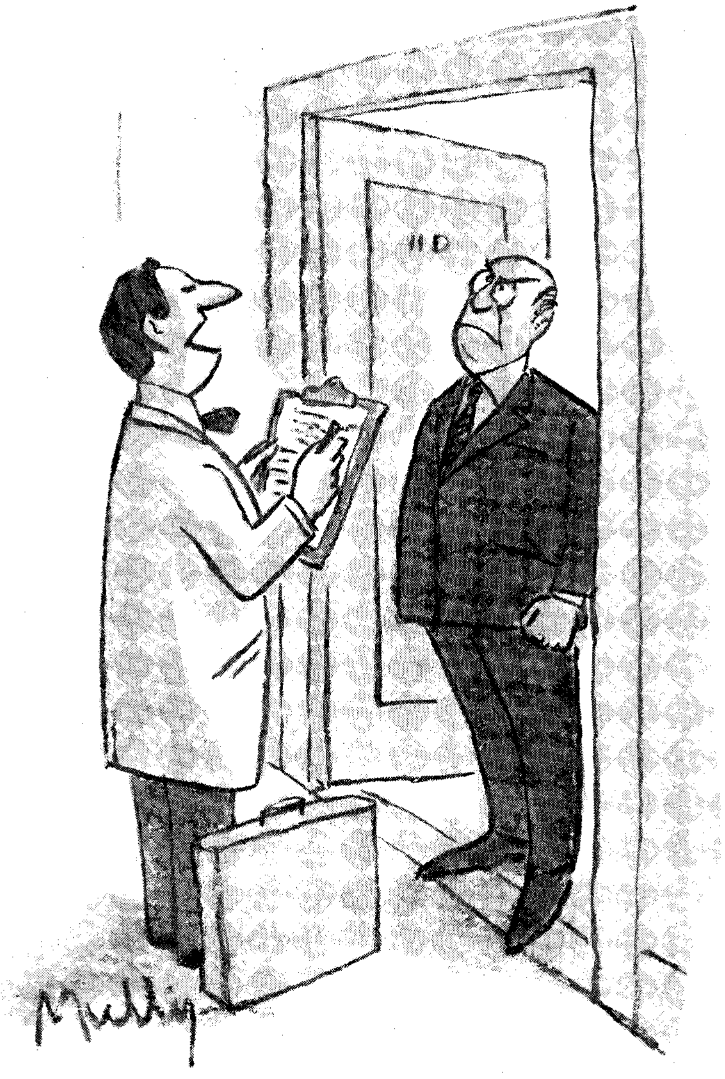
Drive, Sunrise Avenue, Sunny Lane, Meadow Lark Lane. (I actually saw a meadow lark one day at the end of Meadow Lark Lane.) Pratt is only too contemporary in still another respect: its one hotel—the Parrish Hotel, an eight-story structure built in 1931—stands derelict just off South Main Street, the victim of inadequate off-street parking and the American traveller's preference for the easy come-and-go of a motel.



Pratt has six motels. All of them are on First Street (which becomes U.S. Highway 54 beyond the city limits). Five are on the town's eastern outskirts; the other is a mile or two to the west. I stayed at the Hillcrest Motel, on a just perceptible knoll on East First Street, in a more than comfortable room—big bed, television *and* radio, three Andrew Wyeth reproductions on the walls, a refrigerator under the bathroom sink. "Well," one of the women in the Hillcrest office told me when I expressed some surprise at the last, "a lot of our guests are in oil, you know. They're roustabouts and roughnecks. And they like to come back and put up their feet and have a nice, cold Coors." The view from my room was of the parking lot and the street (which became a drag strip in the later evening hours), and of a fire station (with a flag endlessly stretching and snapping in the hilltop wind), Steen's IGA Food Liner (in whose parking lot the racers often parked to talk), and the Pratt Monument Company, with a little graveyard of shiny new red or gray tombstones out front. The Hillcrest has no restaurant, or even a coffee shop, but that was a tolerable inconvenience. Pratt has some twenty eating places, no more than half of them devoted to regional specialties (Taco Grande, Pizza Hut, Kentucky Fried Chicken) or fast food. Most towns the size of Pratt have, at best, one more or less satisfactory place to eat. Pratt has either four or six, depending on one's way of reckoning. Three of the four—the Kitchen, the Uptown Café, and the Main Place—are on South Main Street; the fourth (Mayhew's) is out west of town, on Highway 54. But Kansas is one of those states in which liquor may be bought only by the bottle, not by the single drink. That is to say, a drink may not be bought in a bar or a restaurant. It may be bought only in a "club." Pratt has its American Legion Club, its Elks Club, its Park Hills Country Club, and two others, of more general membership—the Brass Ring and the Club D'Est. I was made welcome during my stay at both of these last. I usually breakfasted at the Kitchen, where the waitresses were uniformed in red jackets and white trousers and shoes (and, had they not been women of mature years, might have been mistaken for cheerleaders), and where the pancakes, bacon, and eggs were so good that I saw them on diners' plates at breakfast, lunch, and even dinner. I lunched at the Main Place (where the luncheon specialty was a bowl of navy beans and ham plus a slab of excellent corn bread, and where one of the waitresses habitually wore high heels and knickerbockers) or at the Uptown Café (where I overheard a little boy complain to his mother, "I don't *like* water—it's too *sour*," and watched a little girl eat a plate of potato chips by dipping them one by one in a glass of Coca-Cola) or (because its specialty was deep-fried channel catfish) at Mayhew's. The Brass Ring occupies the basement of the Main Place restaurant and is owned and operated by the owner of the Main Place, and the Club D'Est is situated next door to the Uptown Café and is owned and operated by the owner of the Uptown Café. I patronized both of my clubs, but I ate most of my dinners at the Club D'Est. It offered a very good filet-mignon shish kebab (with Texas toast) and a standard salad bar that included (on alternate nights) fresh strawberries and cubes of watermelon. The bartender was a woman called M.F., who often told me as she served me my "Jack" (her code for Jack Daniel's) that she had never had a drink in her life. Both clubs were generally crowded, even on Monday night. The Pratt chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous meets at 614 West Fifth Street.

PRATT also has its municipal amenities, and to a considerable degree they are peculiarly its own. They include a local-history museum, housed in a large and attractive building and administered by the Pratt County Historical Society; a municipal park system (a swimming pool, tennis courts, trails) consisting of nineteen parks, ranging in size from one acre to ninety-two acres, and totalling a hundred and eighty-six acres; and the Pratt Public Library, open six days (and four evenings) a week, with a total of almost fifty-eight thousand books. All these came into being almost entirely through the gifts of individuals, and except for the parks they are largely so supported. "Pratt is not a poor community," Oneita Johnson, librarian of the Pratt Public Library, told me. "We have many fortunate people here—millionaires and such—and they are very generous with their good fortune. Our library is known around the state as the rich library. We have a budget of around eighty thousand dollars, and our income is always in excess of that. We quite literally have more money than we know what to do with. One single benefactor provides us with an annual income of nine thousand dollars simply for books. We opened in 1910, with a few shelves of contributed books and subscriptions to the *Literary Digest*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *National Geographic*, and as far as I know we've never had a moment of financial worry. We now spend nearly two thousand dollars a year for periodicals alone. We have an income of thirty-one thousand dollars from one bequest. That's the Millar Fund, which built this beautiful building. Mrs. Millar was the widow of William C. Millar, who owned a large piece of the old Frank Rockefeller ranch, next door in Kiowa County. Frank was old John D.'s charming but worthless brother. He gambled and drank and everything else, and John D. bought the ranch as a place for Frank to go and straighten out. Frank died back East, in Cleveland, in 1917. When Mrs. Millar died, in 1957, she left us almost four thousand acres. We lease it out, mostly for grass, but it also has a very nice oil well on it. Mrs. Millar loved reading, especially poetry and the Bible, but you know she never borrowed a single one of our books? She always bought her own. Our lawyer has told us we're in another will that's even bigger than the Millar Fund. Oh, yes—we have a lawyer to help us acquire our endowments. People sometimes need a little persuasion. We have so many wonderful patrons. I'm going to Wichita tomorrow with Cuma Zeltner, one of our staff, to buy a computer. We've been wanting a little personal computer for a long time, and, lo and behold, we've just received an anonymous gift that will make it more than possible. Cuma will be our programmer. She took some courses at the college here last winter."

"OH, you bet," Les Jacobs told me. "These people here have money. They have a net worth. They own their own homes, they own their own farms, they own their businesses." Jacobs, tall, prematurely gray, carefully dressed, and brilliantly manicured, owns and operates Les Jacobs: Chevrolet–Olds–Cadillac, on East First Street. "The car business has never been so bad," he said. "But even so, we made a profit in 1981. The Midwest is still the new frontier. There's real growth here. We've got water, we've got jobs—the unemployment rate in Pratt County is about two per cent. And we're centrally located. We're only about a hundred and fifty miles from the exact geographic center of the country. We're all-American here, and the Olds is king. The Eighty-eight. These people aren't interested in small cars, foreign or domestic. They want a full-size car—full comfort, room, luxury. And they can afford it. But a car is not a status symbol to them. They'd be embarrassed to drive a Rolls-Royce. I say the Olds is king, but this is also Cadillac country. Our business is off, but not the Cadillac end. We count on selling at least two big Caddies every month. We've never sold less than twenty-four a



"Then you think the President is too Reaganesque?"

IT'S A FOREST WITH ALL THE MAKINGS OF A FAIRY TALE. EXCEPT THE HAPPY ENDING.

It's a land of scarlet frogs and golden toads. A storybook forest where lizards run on water. And yet, all over the world, enchanted regions like these are being consumed by chain saws.

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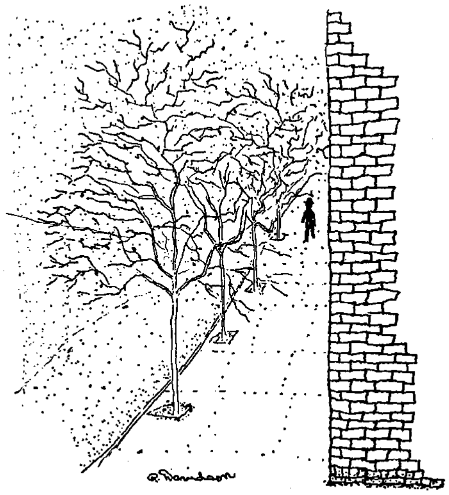
year. I personally know of a hundred and seventy-five Cadillac owners in Pratt County. The Cadillac is the only car they know, these big farmers. They've been driving one for twenty-five or thirty years. Financing? Interest rates? They couldn't care less. They just sit down and write me out a check. The moneyed people here have always been in wheat—with some cattle on the side. But now, a lot of them, they've also got oil."

"OIL—I'll tell you about oil," a man at the Brass Ring bar told me one evening. He was about forty, and dark—dark hair, darkly tanned, and wearing a dark-blue Lacoste jersey. He was drinking Chivas Regal with a splash of 7Up. "When people think of oil, they think of Mobil or some guy with an oil well on his place. Like 'Dallas,' right? Well, I say oil is jobs. It's a whole bunch of jobs. It's a dozen different jobs before the oil even comes out of the ground. Somebody has to go out and write the lease for the land, and arrange the right-of-way. Then the surveyor comes on. Then the dirt contractor. He gets the site ready for the rig. Then the drilling company. Then the casing goes in. Then the valves, the tanks, the pipeline. Then there's transportation. Then pumpers. And then, way down there at the end of the road, there's the refinery. All those guys working, that really makes a community boom." He took a gulp of his drink. "And the money they make! My God, a roustabout—even a roustabout—he makes eight or ten dollars an hour. . . ."

"WELL, *I* sure hope this oil thing lasts," Kim Page, one of the waitresses at the Club D'Est, told me. "I think it's great. I'm twenty-eight years old, and now that I'm divorced I'm just about the only girl my age in Pratt that isn't married. But there's a whole lot of unattached guys around. I mean all those roustabouts, those roughnecks, those oil-field guys. Which is neat."

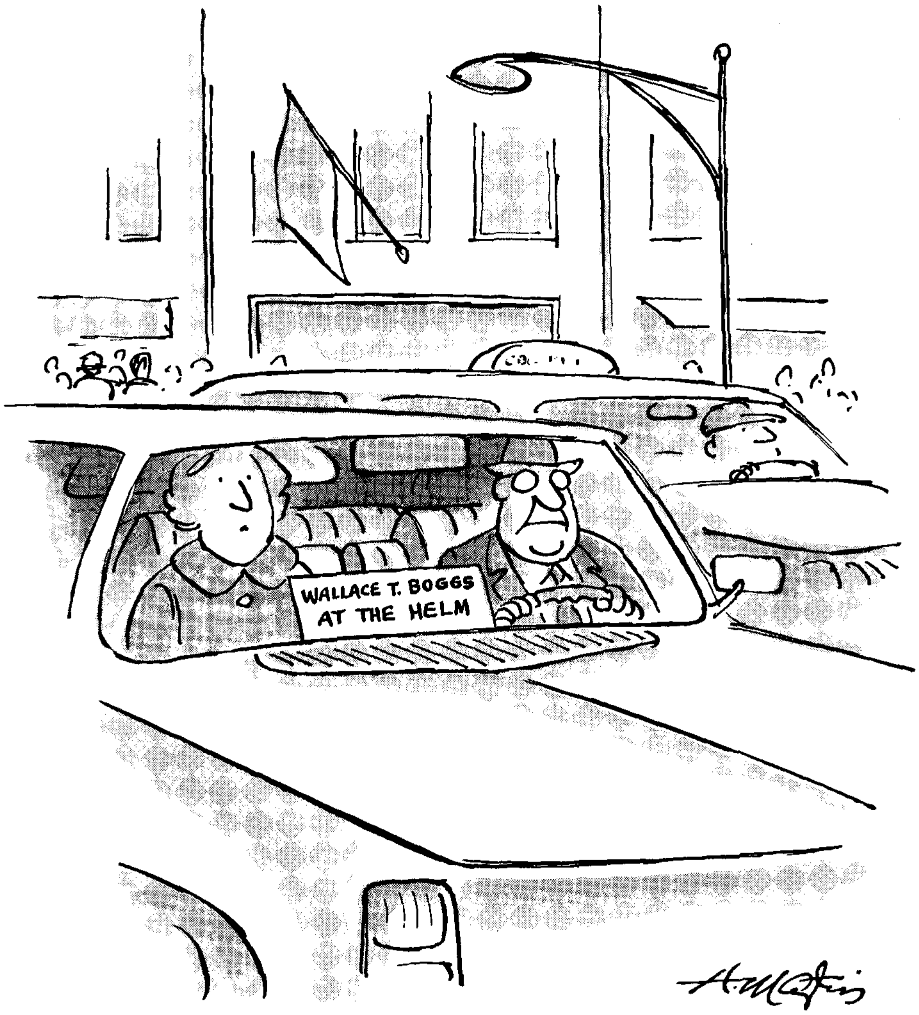
ON my first morning in Pratt, I drove down to the Kitchen for the first of many breakfasts there (the first of what must in time have totalled an appalling two or three dozen eggs, two or three pounds of bacon, and a foot-high stack of pancakes) and then set out on a stroll around the center of town. The first person I met smiled and nodded and said, "Good morning." So ("Hi, there") did the second. And the third ("How you doing?"), and the fourth, and so on. ("I sometimes think that that is the biggest difference," Iris Worthington, the manager of the Pratt Area Chamber of Commerce, told me. "I've lived in the city. I lived in Wichita before I came here. Small towns are friendly. They give you a chance to prove yourself. You're innocent until proved guilty. In the city, it's just the opposite. You have to prove your innocence.") The center of Pratt is compactly centralized. I walked a block north on Main toward First Street, and, standing on the corner of Main and Third, standing in front of the Peoples Bank, I could practically see it all—not only the stores and offices facing each other along South Main but also the public buildings. There, half a block to the west, was the Municipal Building, with the Pratt Public Library (as I later found) just behind it. There, a block to the east, was the post office (with the Pratt County Historical Society Museum behind it); the Pratt County Courthouse, in its park of lawns and walks and shaggy old ash trees (with the police department and the sheriff's office on the street beyond); and the cottagelike building that houses the Pratt *Tribune*. I stood there—gazing around, responding to greetings, enjoying the feel of the morning sun—and became aware of music. It was "The Poor People of Paris," muted but inescapable, and it came from overhead, from a speaker high on a light post. The center of Pratt is also unified by Muzak.

I WENT around to the *Tribune* and introduced myself. Doug Weller, the news editor, received me in a comfortably grubby office with a Teletype machine tapping away in a corner. He is a gentle young man with soft brown eyes and a bushy black mustache. "Everybody seems to like our Main Street," he told me. "It isn't our only brick street, though. We have almost seven miles of brick pavement. I think most of us wish that all our streets were brick. You've probably seen the potholes on our so-called modern streets. Main Street was the first paved street in Pratt. That would have been around 1918, and it was quite a project. Main Street, as you probably know, runs from the Southern Pacific tracks on the north all the way to the Santa Fe tracks on the south." He smiled a sudden smile. "Rufus Gray, our local historian, says that nobody lives on the wrong side of the tracks in Pratt. We all live in between. We almost had an uprising here a few years ago. The State Highway Commission wanted to overlay Main Street with blacktop. They said brick was too much trouble to maintain. Everybody protested—the Main Street residents, the Chamber of Commerce, everybody. And we prevailed. The city lifted the bricks, renewed the sand and concrete base, and relaid the bricks. Main Street is good for another fifty years."



DOUG COOK, the Pratt zoning administrator, gave me a delighted look. His eyes were bright with conviction. "I know," he said. "A lot of people think that alleys are a thing of the past. Maybe most people do. But we think differently here in Pratt. We think they're part of the future. Pratt has always had alleys, and I think we always will. They belong in every practical urban plan. Nearly every east-and-west street in Pratt is connected through the middle of every block by a north-and-south alley. That goes for most of our streets—the new as well as the old. Our developers accept the rule. I'll agree that alleys are old-fashioned. Just like our brick streets! Listen! Alleys keep the trash off the street. They preserve streets from heavy equipment—garbage trucks, delivery trucks, trucks making gas or electric repairs. They separate neighbors, they provide a nice back-boundary line. They give our joggers a safe place to run. I could go on and on."

"WELL, yes, I think that's true," Jim Harris, who is the manager of Dillon's, the largest of Pratt's three supermarkets, told me. "I'd say that Pratt is a pretty clean town. It's cleaner than most, anyway. But the reason isn't that the people here are any different from anybody else. The reason is that here in Kansas, like a lot of other places, we're turning the clock back. We're getting rid of the no deposit, no return on beverage bottles and cans. It's actually a community service that we and Safeway and the others perform. With, of course, the coöperation of Coca-Cola and Pepsi and all the rest. We don't get a thing out of it ourselves except the satisfaction. But that can be very satisfying. There's a deposit here of ten cents on a regular-size glass soft-drink bottle and twenty cents for the quart size. A lot of people, of course, don't bother with the return. They don't care—they're in the littering habit. But the kids know better. You see them out there working the streets and parks. They bring the stuff in here by the bag. We pay them the regular deposit for the bottles and twenty cents a pound for aluminum beer or pop cans. And they never walk out of here with less than two or three dollars."



Paul Epp, the proprietor of Epp Coins & Supply, at 112 South Main Street, gave me a thoughtful look. "O.K.," he said. "If you're interested, the 'Coins' part means I'm in the numismatics business. I buy and sell coins. The 'Supply' part means I also sell apparatus for finding coins. Like over there, that vacuum-cleaner-looking machine—that's a Garrett metal detector, one of the smaller models. I sell them to people who prospect for coins. People have been losing coins in this country—in parts of this country, anyway—for over three hundred years. The prospectors work the streets, old abandoned house sites, old fairgrounds—all kinds of places. When they tore up the old wooden sidewalks here in Pratt some years ago, the prospectors found a real bonanza. It's interesting what happens when you drop a coin. Most people think it sinks into the ground. Not at all. It lays there, and gradually the dust and dirt overlays it. It's like archeology. The depth dates a coin. There's a chart that spells it out. If you find a coin at a depth of, say, half an inch, that coin is circa 1979. If you find it at, say, one foot, that coin is circa 1787. Oh, a detector can detect at quite a depth—six to eight feet, some of them. Prospecting can be profitable. Nobody would pay up to six hundred dollars for a detector if it wasn't. Some of my customers have done pretty well. I know one guy here has made around eighteen thousand dollars. One guy bought one of my detectors and came back from an abandoned house up around Great Bend with three twenty-dollar gold pieces, three ten-dollar gold pieces, eight five-dollar gold pieces, and a couple of smaller ones. I offered him thirty-five hundred dollars for the lot, but he wouldn't take it. When I go on vacation, I always drive, so I usually take a detector along. I usually pick up something."

I PARKED my car in my slot in front of my room at the Hillcrest Motel, and got out and looked up at the sky. There was a great cloud rising in the west—a great black cloud—and it was moving fast. It was only a little past five, but the afternoon had dimmed almost to dusk. I heard a rumble of thunder. I walked the few steps to my room and unlocked the door, and the sky overhead was all black cloud. The thunder rolled again. I closed the door—shoved it, heaved it closed against a surge of wind. I stood in the dark and listened to the wind. There was a sudden rage of rain on the windows, on the roof. I went over to the windows and looked out. The parking lot, the rooms across the court were barely visible. But the downpour wasn't rain. It was hail. It was a blizzard of hail—of hail the size and exactly the look of mothballs, pelting down, blowing in waves in all directions, gathering in drifts. It was a wildness I had never seen before. The light began to change. The cloud was moving, thinning. The hail slackened, became rain, became a spring drizzle. Then the cloud was gone. The afternoon came blazing back. I opened the door and stepped out. The air had a vivid freshness, and a smell—a strange, almost unearthly smell, a smell that was almost a flavor. It was strange but also familiar. And then it came to me. It was the smell of watercress.

I SAW Doug Weller at the *Tribune* the next morning, and we talked about the storm. "That was a little unusual," he told me. "Even for Kansas. I mean the hail. We've got a story coming up in the paper this afternoon about a guy here who was doing some laundry, had his washer and dryer going, when the hail began. He says he rushed over and turned the things off—he thought he’d left a pocketful of change in his jeans. The wind wasn’t anything really special. We *do* get a lot of wind here. But people have the wrong idea about Kansas. They seem to think that Kansas is the home of the tornado. That’s its reputation, but we don’t deserve it. Kansas is only No. 3 in the nation. The leading tornado states are Texas and Oklahoma. But we know who’s to blame. We blame our reputation on ‘The Wizard of Oz.’ ”

“YOU’VE noticed that, have you?” Lois Fischer, one of the beauticians at Beauty Boutique, said to me. “Well, it’s true. Our women don’t go in for high-fashion hairdos. They simply can’t. Not with the wind we have here. Imagine Dolly Parton or somebody crossing Main Street—what all that hair would look like when she got to the other side! There is just no way you can back-comb hair in Pratt and have it last. We do mainly asymmetric cuts—what they used to call windblown—and curlies, long or short. Curlies are really practical. You don’t have to mess with them, and the wind doesn’t mess with them, either.”

HOWARD K. LOOMIS, the president of the Peoples Bank, is a tall, solid, immaculate man of fifty-five (gray suit, white shirt with button-down collar, striped necktie) with a wide, warm, squint-eyed smile. He was smiling now. “No,” he told me. “You don’t hear much complaining here about the wind in the summertime. A twenty-mile wind feels pretty good when the temperature is hanging around a hundred and ten degrees. Or higher. They used to say that if it wasn’t for the wind, when a farmer went out to open his mailbox on a summer afternoon he’d have to use a pot holder. The wind makes life bearable here in July and August. For one thing, we don’t have to cool our swimming pools, the way some places do. And the wind can be a blessing in wheat country. Kansas is the leading wheat state, and Pratt is one of the leading wheat counties. We’ve got about two hundred thousand acres in wheat. Our annual production is about six million bushels. So wheat is what matters most. The wind minimizes the disease problem. It helps keep the rust down. But if you want to talk about wheat I suggest you talk to Richard Konold. Dick has a nice place out southeast of town. I’ll give him a call.”

I got up to go, and Loomis followed me to the door. He stopped there. “Dick is a very nice guy,” he said. “This place is full of very nice people. I was born and raised in Omaha, and I worked for several years in Kansas City. My wife was a Kansas Citian. But we were both delighted when I got a chance to come to Pratt. There’s something about a small town. There’s a quality. I’ll tell you what I mean. When our oldest boy was seventeen, he was out one night and he was going through Lemon Park pretty fast. One of the town cops saw him and stopped him and got out and came over to the car. He stood there for a moment. Then he shook his head, and said, ‘Why, Art Loomis! I’m ashamed of you!’ And Art came home hanging his head.”

KONOLD—Richard Konold, a tall, lean, leathery man of fifty-odd, in boots and a ventilated implement-company cap—stopped the pickup we were riding in and rolled down the window. We were on a farm road hardly wider than the truck, in a treeless, fenceless, totally featureless landscape of billowing green that stretched off to every horizon. He propped an elbow on the windowsill, and stared. “Look at that!” he told me. “Just *look* at it! This is *wheat* country! You’re looking at nothing but wheat for fifteen miles in every direction. You’re looking at an *ocean* of wheat. Now, I call that pretty. This country was made for wheat. The first settlers, back in the eighteen-seventies—they knew that the minute they saw it. They only made one mistake, the first folks here. They saw there was two kinds of country here—shortgrass country and tallgrass country. They thought the taller the grass, the better the soil, so that was what they grabbed. Then came a bunch of Negroes, followed by a bunch of German Baptists. They took what was left, the shortgrass, and, of course, that turned out to be the best. There are still some German Baptists here. You’ve probably seen them around town in their big black hats and bonnets. I don’t know what happened to those Negro settlers. This land here was all shortgrass country. Wheat is a real good crop to grow. It’s the easiest crop to raise I know. It just does everything right. It’s a dry-weather crop, and Pratt County is fairly dry. We average maybe twenty-four inches of rain a year. Rain is crucial at planting time, in the fall, but after that too much rain will hurt it. I call it a miracle crop. You can think it’s down and out and all burned out, and then comes a shower of rain, and it jumps right back. It’s a double crop. Planting time is late September to early October, and the wheat sprouts pretty fast. When it gets up to three or four inches, you can turn your calves in to graze for a few weeks. Most wheat farmers run a few cattle. Almost everybody’s farm has some rough acreage that is only good for pasture. Well, you move your calves out before they graze your wheat too short. Then the cold winter comes, and the wheat hibernates, just like an old bear. That’s when the *good* farmer goes back to school. They have classes at the college here on tractor mechanics, refrigeration, irrigation, a whole bunch of subjects that it pays a farmer to know—day classes and night. The wheat begins to green up around February, and you can turn your cattle back in for another few weeks of grazing. Or, if you don’t have any cattle, you can rent the grazing out. We harvest in June, and after that you start tilling—getting the land ready for fall planting. I’ve learned two things about farming. An old stockman told me when I was just starting out with some cattle that there is usually a time every year when you can sell a calf and make money. Whenever you can make a profit, sell. Never hold out for a better price. That’s the way to go broke. The same

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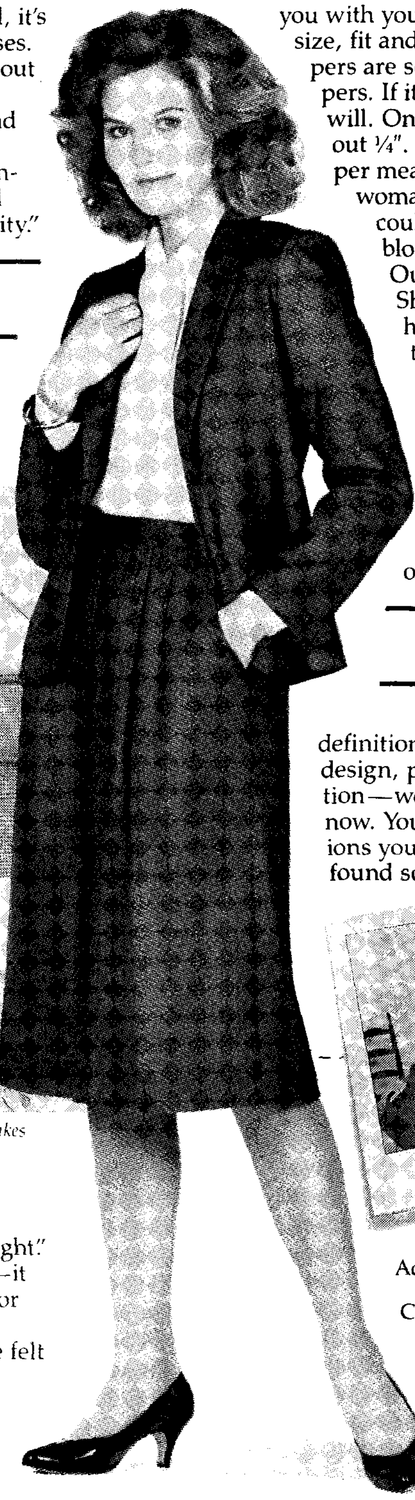

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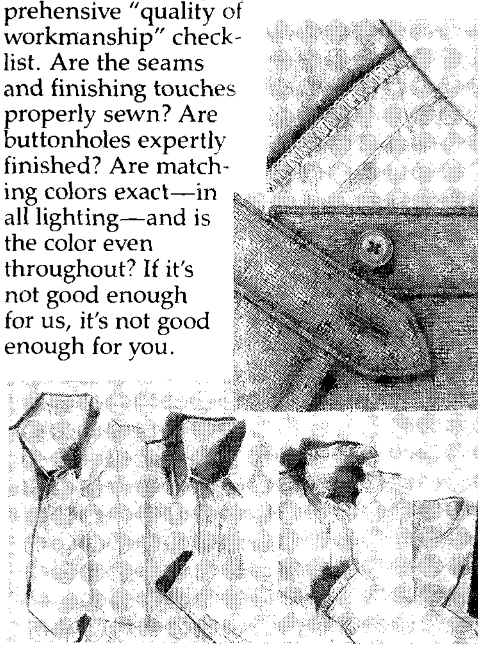

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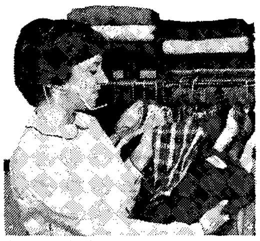

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thing goes for wheat. I've got some storage tanks. I don't have to sell my wheat the minute it's cut. Equipment is the farmer's biggest problem, his biggest expense. I've got about the minimum. Two tractors, one of them a spare. Wheat drill. Tandem disk plow. Chisel plow. Spring-tooth cultivator. I don't own a combine. A combine goes from eighty thousand dollars up, and you only use it for two short weeks at harvest time. I pay a custom cutter to come in and cut my wheat. I consider that one of the freedoms of farming. Like being your own boss, like taking a day off when you feel like it, like looking out the window and saying, 'That's my land.' Like living out in the open air."

THE highway was bordered on the left by the jungle beauty of a mile-long windbreak of impenetrable cedar and Osage orange and on the right by wheat—by mile after mile of rippling, skittering, shimmering green—but Paul Hartman, the Pratt County extension agent, drove with his eyes fixed only on the road. From time to time, we passed another car, and the index finger of his right hand lifted off the wheel in salute. Hartman is twenty-eight years old, big and serious, with a ruddy round face and soft brown bangs. "Here we are," he told me, turning off the highway and onto an unpaved county road. "That's the Preisser place up ahead—that new little house and those big equipment sheds. Larry is what they call a custom cutter. A custom cutter harvests other folks' wheat for a contract fee. He supplies the combines and the semis and everything else. Larry and his wife and their two little boys and a couple of hired hands start out down in Texas and work the harvest north. Larry grows a little wheat himself, but it wasn't him who called me out here. It was his wife, Karen. Look at their place. Two little pine trees, and the rest of it open to every kind of wind and weather. She wants some planting—some wind protection and, I guess, a little beauty, too."

We pulled up between the house and the nearest towering equipment shed, and Hartman opened his door. A Doberman pinscher came loping up from behind the house. Hartman closed his door. He touched the horn. The front door opened, and Mrs. Preisser—blue-eyed and blond, booted and jeaned—came out. She spoke to the dog, and he sat. He sat and rolled over and grovelled. Mrs. Preisser shook her head and laughed.

"Come on in," she said. "You don't have to worry about a big baby like Duke. We'll go in the office. I've drawn up a little plan of what we need. Larry's out in the shed working on a wrecked combine. A dumb kid up north last summer turned it over—said he could handle it, and he couldn't. My little boy Jeff could have done better. I'm serious. He respects an eighty-thousand-dollar piece of machinery, he understands it. He's been driving a truck since he was four. Well, there's my plan. I want protection from the wind, and I also want some shade. I think maybe I'd like to have some Chinese elms for shade. Not cottonwood. Cottonwood drops those little white things off."

Hartman and Mrs. Preisser sat down at a desk in a corner of the office. I walked around the room. The windows gave on a bare front yard, the two lone pines, the dirt road, a field of wheat, a dusty, distant horizon. There was a big framed photograph on one of the walls: four combines moving abreast across a field. The combines looked as big as houses and as menacing as Abrams tanks. There was a framed sentiment on another wall: "God could not be everywhere so He created mothers." There was a bookcase full of what I took to be the Preissers' winter reading: "The Exorcist," "Business Law," "Tom Sawyer," "Up the Down Staircase," a French-English/English-French dictionary, "Adolescent Development," Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals."

Hartman was saying, "O.K., then. We'll go with buffalo grass for the lawn."

Mrs. Preisser: "We can't do a garden. Or any fruit trees. We're away too much all summer."

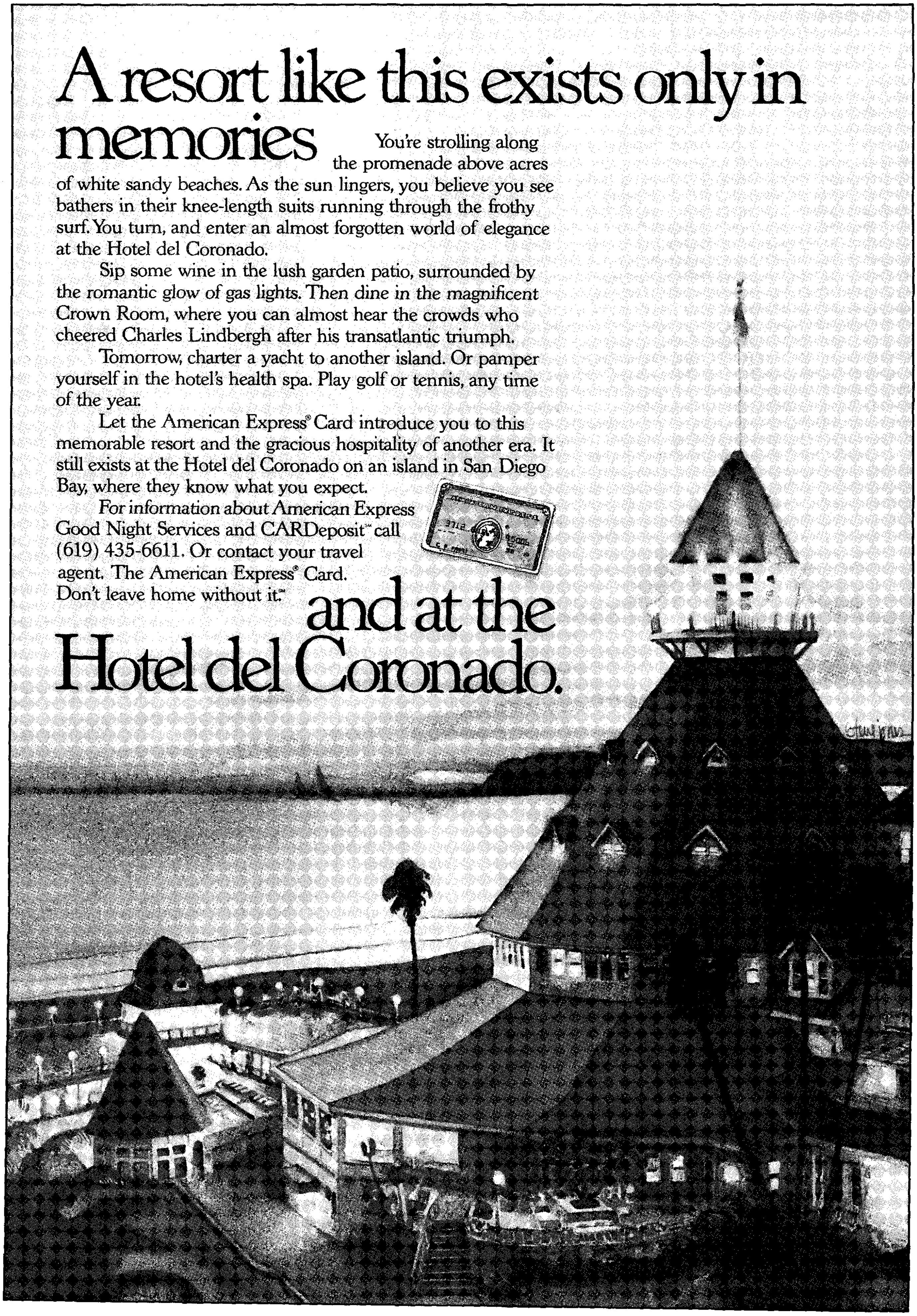
Hartman: "Right. Now let's talk about wind protection. One thing to remember is that your wind protection extends ten times the height of the tree. A row of ten-foot trees will give you shelter for a hundred feet in. I'd like to go with two rows of trees twelve feet apart, with a twenty-foot space down the middle of the belt to allow for cultivation and cleanup. You don't want your windbreak to grow up in thirsty weeds. I say go with Eastern red cedar. And I always say use small plants. The trauma of transplanting sets a bigger tree back. Start with foot-tall trees or less, and in five years they'll be up a good five feet."

Mrs. Preisser: "I'd like some color. I mean, all these green fields."

Hartman: "O.K., for a color accent let's think about a redbud. And maybe a goldenrain tree."

Mrs. Preisser: "I like yellow."

Hartman: "And some ornamental shrubs. I like pyracantha. I like spirea. You and Larry talk it over. So now we



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come to shade. You'll want a little more than those two Austrian pines. Especially in back, where the boys play. You could think about hackberry. Or moraine locust. You mentioned Chinese elm. I'd say maybe eight main shade trees. You can add your accents later."

Mrs. Preisser: "I guess so. But about how much—"

Hartman: "A lot of this stock comes out of the state forestry program. It's part of our job. A planned planting like we've been talking about can increase the value of your place by twenty per cent. I think we can do this for under four hundred dollars."

Mrs. Preisser: "Oh? Oh, really!"

We turned off the dirt road and back onto the highway. Hartman was looking a little sombre. He shook his head. "You know," he said, "you've got to admire those people. They're young, but they're already the last of a breed. They've got the old-fashioned frontier kind of guts. Can you imagine the investment Larry Preisser has back there? In equipment alone? You know what those combines cost—and he owns three. No, not owns. He's buying them from the finance company. When Karen tells him what that planting program will cost, he'll probably laugh. Four hundred dollars! That's small change in his ledger. Karen and him, I'll bet they know some sleepless nights."

ONE of the almost daily features of the Pratt *Tribune* is a front-page box (lower left-hand corner) called "Vital Stats." Part of "Vital Stats" is an abbreviated deaths column. I found myself glancing at it every afternoon when I picked up my *Tribune* at the Hillcrest Motel office, but it was several days before I understood my interest. What had interested me, I then realized, was the advanced age of the local people listed there. On that afternoon, I made a note of the day's "Vital Stats." The list read "Eva Davis, 89, Pratt. Carl Devers, 82, Norwich. Nellie Stansill, 86, Pratt." A few days later, the list read "Clyde Sayre, 80, Mullinville. Ethel Williamson, 100, Macksville. Alpha Robinson, 81, Newton. Dorothy Gatz, 83, Pratt."

I mentioned this enviable longevity to Deborah Toombs (30) the next morning. Mrs. Toombs is a public-health nurse and the administrator of the Pratt County Health Department. "I don't know," she said. "But I'll tell you what I *think*. I go to Wichita for two days every month. And when I come back from all that rubbing elbows I'm just like this—nervous, shaky, practically hypertensive. I think the reason people here live so long is simply country life, small-town life. We don't have all that stress."

I DROVE out east of Pratt one balmy afternoon with a retired head roustabout named Max Mathis for a look at the apiaries from which he annually extracts five hundred gallons of honey and a comfortable supplementary income. "My dad—I don't know why—he was afraid of bees," Mathis told me. "I learned beekeeping from my grandfather, McKinley Monroe Mathis, down in Fairview, Oklahoma. He taught me all he knew, and he knew plenty, but it turned out there wasn't any hurry. He lived to be a hundred and two years old. At the time of his death, he was the oldest Mason in the world. I've always kept bees. I like those little fellows. Of course, I realize a fellow can die of a bee sting if he's that sensitive to it. But I've been stung I don't know how many times—I reckon a couple of times every day in the season. It hurts, but it don't really bother me. I'd rather be bit by a bee than a chigger. The only thing I hate about being bit is it kills the bee. He loses his stinger, and that's the end of him. I keep around nine thousand bees. That's about the most one man can handle. I've got about twenty-five hives in each of my four apiaries. There are four main breeds of honeybees that I know of. There's the Caucasian breed. There's the Midnite breed and the Starline. And there's the Three-Banded Eyetalians. Mine are almost all Eyetalians. I'm really sweet on those Eyetalians. Now I'm going to turn off here. This rut-track runs down to one of my apiaries. And on a nice day like this my bees will be stirring, so I think you'd better roll up your window. That tweed jacket you've got on—bees don't like wool. It's got an animal smell."

We parked a dozen feet or so short of the first of a row of white box hives. The hives faced south, and each had a little veranda in front, and the verandas were crowded with bees sunning themselves and coming and going. There was a scraggly windbreak behind the hives, with a red squirrel hopping and gawking from branch to branch. "They're just beginning to feed themselves," Mathis said. "They're getting tree pollen mostly. They love that wild plum. After the trees comes alfalfa. I have an arrangement with the farmer who owns this land. My bees pollinate his alfalfa, and I get the honey. After alfalfa comes red clover. The honey season runs from May 15th to September 30th. The last honey flow comes from goldenrod. A lot of folks buy my late honey because they think it's good for their hay fever. Bees are real interesting. I buy a new queen every year for each of my hives. Each queen comes to me in a little screen-topped wooden box. There's the queen in there, and there's six worker bees, and there's a lump of sugar candy for food. The queen, you know, can't or won't feed herself. That's why the workers. The first thing I do when the boxes arrive is take out the workers with my tweezers and turn them loose—my workers won't accept strangers. But my bees are interested in the queen, and they start feeding her from the candy. Pretty soon, they're ready to take her for their queen. A queen bee—you've never known such a specialized machine. All she does is lay those eggs. She won't feed herself, she won't clean herself, she can't sting, and she's a pretty poor flier. But she's smart. She knows just how many eggs to lay and when. If the feed gets short, she cuts back on laying. The mystery to me is the drone. It's the drone that mates with the queen, but only one drone wins out and mates with her. Except for mating flights, the drones just lay around the hive and eat what the workers bring in. They're really drones. The workers are really workers. They just plain work themselves to death. They get the nectar and make the honey and feed the queen and keep her clean and tidy. They also take care of the hive. When a bee dies, the workers gather around and carry him outside and dump him. They keep the hive spick-and-span. They also police it. I mean, they can deal with intruders. Twice in my life I've been checking out a hive and I've found a mouse in there. A dead mouse. I don't know how or why he got in, but the bees had stung him to death and wrapped him up and sealed him off with bee gum."

BILL HAMPTON, JR.—a big, round man of forty-three with a big, round face and a big mustache—is a partner in the law firm of Hampton, Hampton & Schmisseur, and the judge of the Pratt Municipal Court. "There's money here in Pratt County," he told me. "There always has been. This is wheat country. But the people here respect success. They don't resent it. Equal opportunity is a reality here. So we're kind of blessed with the kind of people who try not to intentionally break the law. I think you could walk up and down South Main Street wearing the biggest diamond ring in the world and ten pounds of gold chain around your neck, and nobody would do more than just admire it. I park my car in the lot out back, and I could leave the keys in the ignition if I wanted to. The only reason I don't is I don't want to tempt some poor, weak-minded soul beyond his strength. I'm not talking about murder, of course. We've known murder here. I'm talking about crime."

"OH, God," Marsha Cook Ioerger said to me. "Do I remember! How could I ever forget? It was the first big story I ever covered." Mrs. Ioerger is twenty-eight years old, a slim, spirited strawberry blonde, and a reporter (*the* general-assignments reporter) on the Pratt *Tribune*. "O.K., it was on a Monday morning—Monday morning, October 22, 1979. I came into the office and started to take off my coat, and Doug Weller came over with this strange look on his face. He said, 'Keep your coat on.' He said, 'You're going out to the feedlot.' He said, 'They've found the body of a woman out there. There's been a murder.' I looked at Doug and kind of laughed. But he wasn't kidding. I said, 'What am I supposed to do?' He just said get going. So I did. The Pratt Feedlot is about five miles out north and west of town, off Highway 281. I kept thinking, Oh, my God! When I got out close to the feedlot, I came to a bunch of parked cars, and the sheriff's car was blocking the road. Ray McGuire, the sheriff, told me they were waiting for an agent of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation and they didn't want anybody near the body till then. So I sat there in my car. They'd found the body around eight o'clock, and it was around nine o'clock by now. I sat there till almost eleven. All they could tell me was that the body was in some brush near the road. I sat there thinking eerie thoughts. I had my camera along, but I was afraid of what the body might look like. I thought I ought to be feeling real bad about that poor lady, but I was really just intrigued. That made me feel gross.

"Well, the K.B.I. guy finally arrived. He was a guy I knew named Gary Pettijohn, and I finally began to get some information. They had found a knife, a big butcher knife, in the grass across the road from the body, and some footprints. Also a lot of her clothes—her coat, purse, and shoes. All she had on was jeans and a blouse. They hadn't identified her yet. But there was a kind of coincidence going on. There was a woman named Lila Wright who worked the late-night shift at the E-Z Stop convenience store, on East First Street. A little before five o'clock that morning, a truck driver—a regular customer—stopped at the E-Z Stop for some coffee, and the place was open but there wasn't anybody there. Mrs. Wright was gone, and so was her pickup. The trucker called the store manager at his home, and the manager came right down and checked things over and found almost three hundred dollars missing. So he called the police. At about six o'clock, Gene Tritt, one of the Pratt cops, found the missing pickup just off Highway 281, about three miles from the body. The chief of police, Paul Garst, found some footprints there, too, and got pictures of them. Well, by the time they let me go up where they'd found the body, the body had been taken away. All I could do was sort of look around and hurry back to the office. I was in a tizzy. I was involved in a real professional-type thing. I mean, I was entirely shook. But Doug was holding everything, and I sat down at my typewriter and decided to just write the facts. Which I did, and Doug ran the story on page 1 with the headline 'BODY FOUND, POSSIBLE LINK TO KIDNAPPING.'

"That afternoon, after we had gone to press, the police announced the identification. It was Mrs. Wright. She was thirty-four years old, separated from her husband, and she had a daughter by an earlier marriage named Tammy Berschauer. Tammy was eighteen and had just left Pratt High, and she identified her mother. That was about all the news I had for my follow-up story the next day. The headline Doug put on it was 'NO HARD EVIDENCE IN MURDER CASE,' and he gave me my first byline on the story. I had another investigation-continuing story the next day—Wednesday, October 24th. The police were waiting for the results of an autopsy. But things were happening behind the scenes. I got it all later from Gary Pettijohn, the K.B.I. agent. What was happening was this: Tammy Berschauer had also been working at the E-Z Stop, and after a few days—after the funeral and all that—she went back to work there, on the afternoon-to-midnight shift. But her boyfriend was worried about her being there all alone, so he started coming to work with her. And there was this neighborhood guy. His name was Mikel E. Trumbly. He was eighteen years old but looked younger, and he was big and strong. My little sister remembered him from Pratt High. She said he had a wandering eye, but he was real quiet and hung out with younger guys. Well, this guy, this Mikel, came to the E-Z Stop almost every evening, and he always bought a 7Up and maybe a couple of magazines. The footprints that the police had studied were the prints of tennis shoes, and they were the same at the scene of the murder and at where the pickup was found. The police took the pictures they had made down to Midwest Athletic, and the people there identified them as made by Adidas shoes. One night after Mikel had been in the E-Z Stop and gone, Tammy's boyfriend said to Tammy, 'Did you notice that that guy was wearing Adidas tennis shoes?' They talked about that, and pretty soon they got an idea. I guess you could say they decided to play detective. So when Mikel came in the next time, Tammy smiled at him and said, 'Hey, I like your shoes. I want to get a pair like them for my brother.' I guess Mikel thought he

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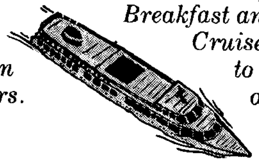

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was getting a compliment. Then Tammy said, 'Look, I want to get your size—I think my brother wears the same.' So she asked him to come outside and step in a muddy place and then step on a paper sack. He did, and she got a nice print, and she turned it over to the police. And it matched the other prints.

"That was on Monday, November 5th. Gary Pettijohn called Mikel and asked him to come down to the police station, which he did, and they had a long visit. Anyway, Mikel confessed. It seems that he had been kind of flirting with Lila Wright at the E-Z Stop, and I guess she must have acted in a way that made him think she was serious. We'll never know exactly what happened that night, but he came in the place with that knife. He took whatever money there was in the register, and forced her out to the pickup and made her drive out toward the feedlot. He told her he was going to rape her. But he said if she didn't try to fight or anything, he would only just rape her. He wouldn't kill her. I guess she agreed. And afterwards, when she tried to get away, he got scared and chased her and caught her and stabbed her in the abdomen. Then he took off in her pickup.

"The rest of the story is that Mikel pleaded guilty to charges of first-degree murder and kidnapping, and his pleas were accepted, and the judge sentenced him to life in prison. Oh, I forgot to tell you. The E-Z Stop had offered a reward for Lila's killer. Five thousand dollars! And Tammy got it."

Mrs. Ioerger sat for a moment, looking down at the scattered notes and clippings on her desk. Then she shrugged, and gathered them up and stuck them away in a drawer. She lighted a cigarette. "But, you know," she told me, "the strangest thing—the really weird thing—was the way the people here reacted to it all. They kind of tried to close their eyes. You could hardly find a soul in town who would say that they had ever known Mikel Trumbly. They just pretended that what had happened could never have happened here." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

Tired of your glasses fogging up in cold weather every time you go inside a warm building? You won't have this problem if you enter the building backward. That first blast of warm air, which causes the condensation, will no longer hit your glasses.
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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THE THEATRE

A Carol to Carroll

NOT all the most welcome presents are to be found under the tree on Christmas morning. An especially delightful one was unwrapped at the Virginia Theatre a couple of days before the twenty-fifth, in the form of an exquisite production of "Alice in Wonderland"—a production that kept the attention of its audience of adults and children joyously engaged from start to finish. Eva Le Gallienne, working in collaboration with Florida Friebus, staged her first version of "Alice" just fifty years ago; successful as it was, I find it hard to believe that it could have been as tenderly heartfelt and as continuously humorous as her latest version of a work that is, at bottom, every bit as odd a manifestation of self-assertive genius as "Finnegans Wake." (Carroll and Joyce, who would have been quick to detest each other, had much in common; their minds were obsessed with puns and parodies, but whereas Joyce was a conscious voluptuary, Carroll appears to have been an unconscious one.) To have Miss Le Gallienne, as the White Queen, insouciantly flying through the air in her eighty-fourth year is no small Christmas present in itself; a further bounty is that, as the vigorous director of the show, she has taken care to be surrounded by a large and gifted cast, all of whom—save Alice, charmingly impersonated by Kate Burton—play their roles behind a variety of enchanting, impenetrable disguises. The ready conversational accessibility of mouse, duck, dodo, rabbit, caterpillar, frog, dormouse, and turtle, to say nothing of such anomalous creatures as Humpty Dumpty, the Duchess, and the Red Queen, causes me to feel that I should like to seek a closer acquaintanceship with them; at the same time, the fact that so many of them speak Oxonian English and practice a logic as relentlessly severe as Wittgenstein's makes me doubt whether I would prove worthy of their approbation.

Miss Le Gallienne has been laudably faithful to Carroll in both text and tone; her set designer, John Lee Beatty, and her costume designer, Patricia Zipprodt, have been no less faithful to the drawings of John Tenniel that illustrated the early editions of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There." How touching they are in their familiarity, and yet how much more beautiful in their newfound colors than in black-and-white! Of the actors, whether transformed into animals, playing cards, or chessmen, I admired John Heffernan, Edward Zang, MacIntyre Dixon, Nicholas Martin, Richard Woods, Brian Reddy, James Valentine, and Mary Louise Wilson. I am eager to salute as well the musical accompaniment, composed by Richard Addinsell, and the lighting, designed by Jennifer Tipton. For all his donnish diffidence, Carroll was a hard man to please; in the case of this "Alice" I imagine his grateful ghost uttering, with a characteristic stammer, frabjous benignities of praise.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Chekhov Without a Smile

CHEKHOV'S "Three Sisters" is such a rich, enveloping play that even the approximately two-thirds of it that is visible in the production at the Manhattan Theatre Club, under Lynne Meadow's direction, should be sustaining enough for an evening. Among the elements that make up the missing third, however, is almost all the humor. Even Jack Gilford, inspired casting for the drunken Dr. Chebutykin, seems daunted (by Chekhov, perhaps?), so that though he is properly tender and muddleheaded, he is seldom ridiculous. The foolishness—along with the sadness and irony and tragedy of the play—is absolutely necessary.

I don't see how it would be possible to assemble a more distinguished cast Off Broadway (in this case, Off Off) than Miss Meadow has done. Dianne Wiest is smoldering, outrageous, passionate Masha, whistling and smoking a cigar at the beginning and heartbroken at the end; Lisa Banes is sharp-witted, disappointed, protective Olga; and Mia Dillon is Irina, whose youthful glow and hopefulness slowly dim as the action progresses. Sam Waterston is the battery commander, Masha's lover; Baxter Harris is her fatuous husband; Bob Balaban is the admirable Baron Tuzenbach, whose only foolish aspect is his looks; Jeff Daniels is the sisters' weak brother; Christine Ebersole is his vulgar, vindictive wife, Natasha; Stephen McHattie is crazy, murderous Captain Solyony; and Margaret Barker is the old nanny. All those splendid actors—yet they do not make a company, and a company is essential to Chekhov. Much of the action, as if I had to tell you, is subcutaneous, so much of the irony and point after point evaporate. On the other hand, although the running time for the performance is over three hours the play could have lasted twice as long, for all of me. The new translation, by Jean-Claude van Itallie, sounds fine. Dunya Ramicova designed the charming costumes, and the handsome set and lighting were by Santo Loquasto and Pat Collins, respectively. "Three Sisters" will close on January 9th.

MICHAEL CRISTOFER'S "Black Angel," at the Circle Rep through January 9th, is based on an actual person—a former S.S. officer, here named Martin Engel, who was responsible for the massacre of two hundred and forty-seven inhabitants of a small French town. He was convicted at the Nuremberg trials, has served part of his sentence, and has been freed. Now, thirty years after the war, undisguised, he is building a house for himself and his wife near the same town, in spite of threats from the villagers, the taunts of a Communist reporter, and, above all, the urging of a friendly French mayor that he save himself and move away. He refuses. The action is composed of flashback scenes with Frau Engel and long, long-winded and high-flown conversations with the mayor about hatred and guilt and responsibility, as the villagers, hooded like members of the Ku Klux Klan, lurk around each night in a menacing manner before finally closing in.

Although Mr. Cristofer rarely convinces us that he is equipped to deal with abstract matters, he can, since he is an actor himself, lend at least a temporary plausibility to his characters. Or perhaps it is Josef Sommer, tall, craggy, and unrelenting as Engel, and Tom Aldredge, friendly, sympathetic, and extremely Gallic as the mayor, who do the lending. Under the deft direction of Gordon Davidson, they are impeccable. Mary McDonnell, as Engel's wife, and Jonathan Bolt, as a reporter, are very good, too. The effective setting—Engel's unfinished house—was designed by Sally Jacobs and effectively lighted by John Gleason.

—EDITH OLIVER

THE ART WORLD

The Void

THE Yves Klein retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum (through January 9th) is, among other things, an attempt to redress a balance in recent art history. Since his death—of a heart attack, in 1962, at the age of thirty-four—Klein's reputation has risen spectacularly in Europe. Posthumous exhibitions in European museums have presented him more or less at his own valuation, as one of the most important French artists of the postwar period. His work and his ideas have been described as a seedbed for many subsequent developments, including Minimal and Conceptual art, body art, performance art, environmental art, and mixed-media experiments of all kinds—developments, in other words, that characterize much of the American art of the last twenty years. The current retrospective, which was organized by the Rice University Institute for the Arts, in Houston, should do a lot to boost Klein's reputation in this country, where his work has been little known and his influence largely unsuspected. Coming at a time when New York's dominant position in contemporary art is being challenged by new developments in Europe, the Guggenheim show takes on an added historical interest.

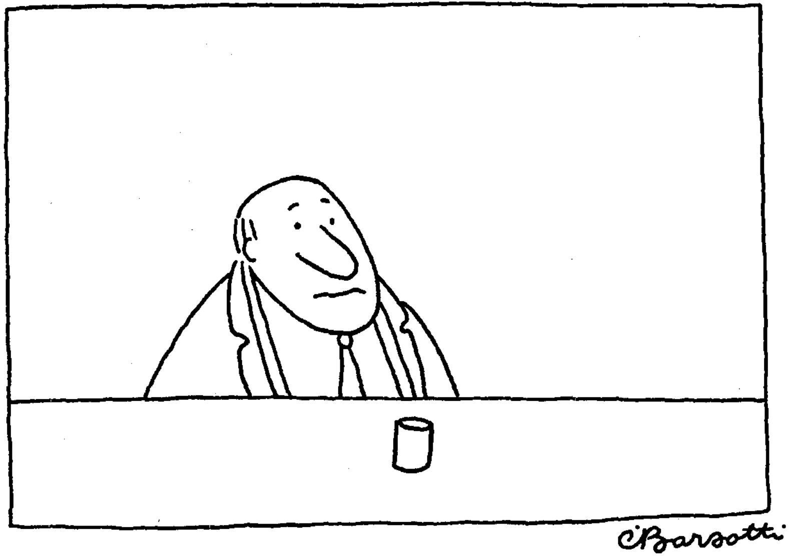
Klein's brief and frenetic career as an artist—the years from 1954 to 1962—coincided with New York's supplanting of Paris as the center of advanced art. And it was in New York that Klein's career received its rudest setback. His only one-man show here, at the Leo Castelli gallery in 1961, was panned by the critics and ignored by most of the New York artists. Not a single work from it sold. Klein himself was dismissed as a mere showman, an entertainer with a highly dubious bag of tricks: canvases painted uniformly blue; blue-dyed sponges; naked women used as "living paintbrushes." (Klein arranged a New York screening of a film that showed them daubing themselves with his patented International Klein Blue pigment and pressing their bodies against large white sheets of paper while an orchestra played Klein's "Monotone Symphony" and a pre-feminist Paris audience looked on.) Since when, though, has New York been hostile to entertainers? One year earlier, Klein's close friend Jean Tinguely had wowed the town with his "Homage to New York," the mechanized junk sculpture that destroyed itself in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art. Tinguely was received with enthusiasm by Robert Rauschenberg and other New York artists of his own generation. Klein was not, and his failure, which has sometimes been ascribed (wrongly, I think) to anti-European chauvinism, was a bitter blow. Some of the reasons for that failure emerge quite clearly at the Guggenheim.

The first thing to be said is that it is a beautiful show. Seen both close to and at a distance, across Frank Lloyd Wright's echoing rotunda, the all-blue paintings have an arresting, sensual presence. The color is a dark ultramarine, nonreflective, and furry in texture: the color of the sky at the moment between twilight and nightfall. Klein got a chemist to make it for him, using raw powdered pigment (he did not like the sheen of oil paint) and a clear binder: International Klein Blue, or I.K.B. He applied it with a paint roller, to get a uniform surface, and covered the entire canvas evenly. Klein was not the first artist to paint one-color pictures—Rauschenberg's "White Paintings" came three years earlier, and Malevich's "White on White" series is dated 1917-18—but at the time Klein's blue paintings first appeared, in the mid-fifties, they seemed both radical and provocative. Before he died, Klein authorized several close friends to create posthumous works in I.K.B., signed with his name, and for the current show the Guggenheim imported from Paris enough of the ultramarine pigment to cover a forty-by-fifty-five-foot area of the museum's ground floor. Perhaps because the pigment was spread over a layer of sand, this floor piece does not have the presence of the paintings; the color doesn't draw you in, the way they do. Klein's other monochrome experiments—orange, pink, yellow, green—don't really have it, either, although the ones he did in gold leaf are remarkably handsome.

The sponge sculptures (natural sponges saturated with color and mounted on thin metal rods) and the sponge reliefs (monochrome canvases with sponges glued to the surface) have a slightly dusty look, which does not sit well on them. Happily, there is no dust, literal or figurative, on the "anthropometries," the body imprints, some of which are negative images made by positioning a model against canvas and spraying paint around her. These look as fresh as they did twenty years ago, and they still carry a mildly erotic charge. A like freshness marks the "cosmogonies," paintings made by nature with Klein's assistance; e.g., rainfall passing through I.K.B. onto canvas, or wind and rain streaking the surface of a freshly painted work that Klein mounted on the roof of his car during a trip from Paris to Nice and back. Even the fire paintings, which he made by scorching dampened paper surfaces with a flame-thrower, have a clean and nonmenacing look; no end-of-the-world, destructive overtones attach to them.

What is eventually disappointing about all this work, in fact, is that it carries so few overtones of any kind. It is amusing to look at, sometimes quite beautiful, and easily forgotten. Compared with Ellsworth Kelly's stunning single-color

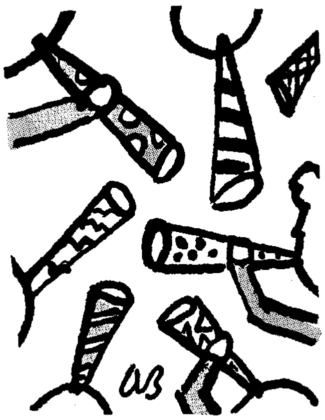
THE YEAR IN REVIEW



paintings in his current show at the Blum Helman Gallery, on Fifty-seventh Street, each of which represents an indelible conjunction of shape and color, Klein's monochromes seem trivial. The truth is that Klein, both of whose parents were minor painters, was not really in love with painting. His ambition was not to make indelible images but, rather, to use art as a bridge to something else—something that his childlike and eventually megalomaniacal imagination perceived as a transformation of life. "My works are only the ashes of my art," he said. Life was more important than art; the artist's true function was to pioneer new modes of existence.

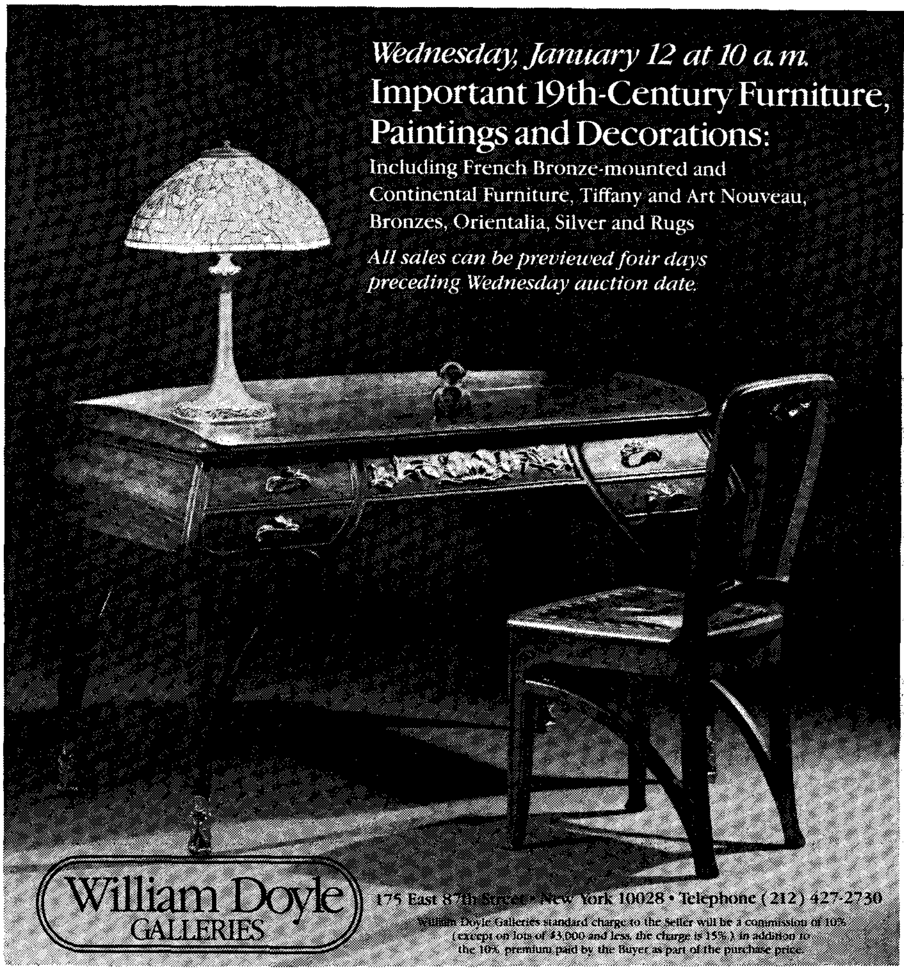
This kind of thinking was very much in the air in the early sixties, in New York as well as in Paris. John Cage had been saying much the same thing for years, in his lectures and writings. Many young American artists, influenced by Cage and, through Cage, by the example of Marcel Duchamp, yearned to go "beyond art," into the philosophical realm of ideas. Some sought an ideal collaboration between art and technology; others, a few years later, trekked into the Western deserts to enlist "real" landscape in the creation of "earthworks." In some degree, this was a reaction to the enormous achievement of the older generation of New York artists. Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, Willem de Kooning, Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, and Ad Reinhardt had changed the course of art history, had made New York the nexus of everything new and vital in art; unwilling to compete or to work in the shadow of these giants, younger artists looked for ways to get "outside" the dominant style. In the end, though, the American artists who emerged in the sixties remained inside art. Even Rauschenberg, who devoted several years to the art-and-technology dream, went back eventually to making paintings and sculptures and prints, while the bumptious Pop artists turned out after all to be serious painters and sculptors, committed to making visual objects that could hold their own with the work of Pollock and Newman.

Yves Klein and the European artists of his generation faced the same dilemma. American art of the fifties—Pollock, et al.—had exposed the weakness of School of Paris painting; one had to either fall in and become an Abstract Expressionist, as a great many European painters did, or find something altogether new. The French Nouveau Réaliste group, which came together officially in Klein's Paris apartment in 1960, chose the second option. Klein, Tinguely, Arman, César, Martial Raysse, and Pierre Restany, the French critic who skillfully promoted the group, announced that their new realism lay in the use of real objects to depict a "contemporary nature" that was "mechanical, industrial, and flooded with advertisements." The French New Realists were more doctrinaire than the American Pop artists, with whom they had much in common. Both groups trained their sights on the "contemporary nature" of commercial popular culture, but where the Americans tended to present their comic strips and advertisements and road signs raw, without comment, the Europeans believed that the popular image had to be transformed. César commandeered an industrial press to turn automobiles into solid cubes, which he exhibited as sculpture. Arman boxed "accumulations" of manufactured objects by the hundred—kitchen implements, eyeglasses, toothbrushes. Tinguely's crazy machines mocked the progress of industry. Klein's most important works went beyond material form altogether.



"Le Vide" ("The Void"), the show that established Klein's Paris reputation, in 1958, was the Iris Clert Gallery, utterly empty, painted white and purportedly "impregnated" by the spirit of the artist. Three thousand people came to the opening, jamming the Rue des Beaux-Arts until they were dispersed by gendarmes and firemen. Later, Klein was able to sell a number of what he called "immaterial zones of pictorial sensibility;" the buyers paid in gold ingots for these masterworks of artist-impregnated nothingness, in a solemn ceremony that included the delivery to the buyer of a signed receipt and the burning of the receipt by the buyer, followed by Klein's throwing *half* the gold payment (the symbolism gets a bit murky here) into the Seine. These ceremonies were photographed and well publicized. Klein *was* a showman and a self-publicizer, a performer who donned full evening dress to direct his nude "paintbrushes" for the movie camera. His public spectacles and his high-spirited buffoonery made him famous, but they also worked against him. Unlike Warhol, who made publicity his principal art form, Klein tended to believe his own myths, and he was deeply distressed when the publicity kept him from being taken seriously.

Klein was totally serious in his ambition to go beyond art. "His great naïveté and his exacerbated ambition frightened me," Iris Clert said. "They made him fragile. The least setback shattered him." This was pathetically evident in the lengths he went to over his famous "leap into space," the most notorious of his spectacles. Klein was obsessed by the idea of levitation. A devoted student of Rosicrucian mystical doctrines, he used to tell his young German wife, Rotraut, that ancient monks knew how to levitate and that someday "he would get there, too." On November 27, 1960, a skillfully fabricated imitation of the weekly *Dimanche* appeared at Paris newsstands with a photograph on the front page of Yves Klein, wearing a business suit and a tie, his arms flung wide, leaping from what appears to be the second story of an apartment house. "The painter of space hurls himself into the void," the caption under it read. This photograph has been a prominent feature of Klein exhibitions since 1960; at the Guggenheim it is blown up to several times its original size, and reams of prose are devoted to it in the exhibition's catalogue. It was, of course, a fake. Klein did jump from the second story, but he was caught in a tarpaulin held by a score of his friends from a nearby judo school (Klein himself was a black-belt judo expert), and the catchers were removed in the darkroom. According to Thomas McEvilley, who wrote the biographical essay for the Guggenheim catalogue, Klein had made at least two previous, bona-fide, unprotected leaps and had injured himself slightly both times. It is not clear whether Klein believed that his judo skills should enable him to sustain such falls without injury. McEvilley writes that Klein was preparing to make a final jump, without catchers, on the day the photographs were



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made, but that Rotraut talked him out of it. Klein swore everyone present to secrecy, and afterward he made a great mystery of the event. He published a second picture of the leap, which differed significantly from the first—a bicyclist in the background of the *Dimanche* photograph was no longer there. Nan Rosenthal, an art historian who did her graduate thesis on Klein, argues convincingly (in the catalogue) that this indicates his "conspicuous fraudulence"—by publishing the two photographs, he was slyly calling attention to his own trickery. Both Rosenthal and McEvilley agree that the photographs should be viewed in the context of Klein's work, not his life. But this, it seems to me, is precisely where the trouble lies. The leap into space has become Klein's most famous "work;" at a seminar on Klein sponsored by the Guggenheim last month it was almost the sole subject of discussion. The photograph is striking, to be sure, but the ideas that Klein wanted it to convey simply do not exist for us. All his woolly, confused thinking about the "Blue Revolution," impregnation of space, and man's future ability to levitate has melted into air, into thin air, leaving behind a black-and-white image produced by two professional photographers, Harry Shunk and John Kender, together with a great many paragraphs of art-historical prose.

To go beyond art while continuing to function as an artist is an ambition that may be more European than American. The Conceptual artists found this to be true; although several of the most interesting of them are Americans, their art-as-idea has its admirers almost exclusively in Europe. At the moment, though, the most noteworthy art being produced in Europe is the crude, visceral, and distinctly nonconceptual painting of the neo-expressionist Germans and Italians. Maybe the only way to get outside art is to stop being an artist. Becoming a philosopher is no cinch, of course; on the other hand, philosophers rarely feel they have to jump out the window.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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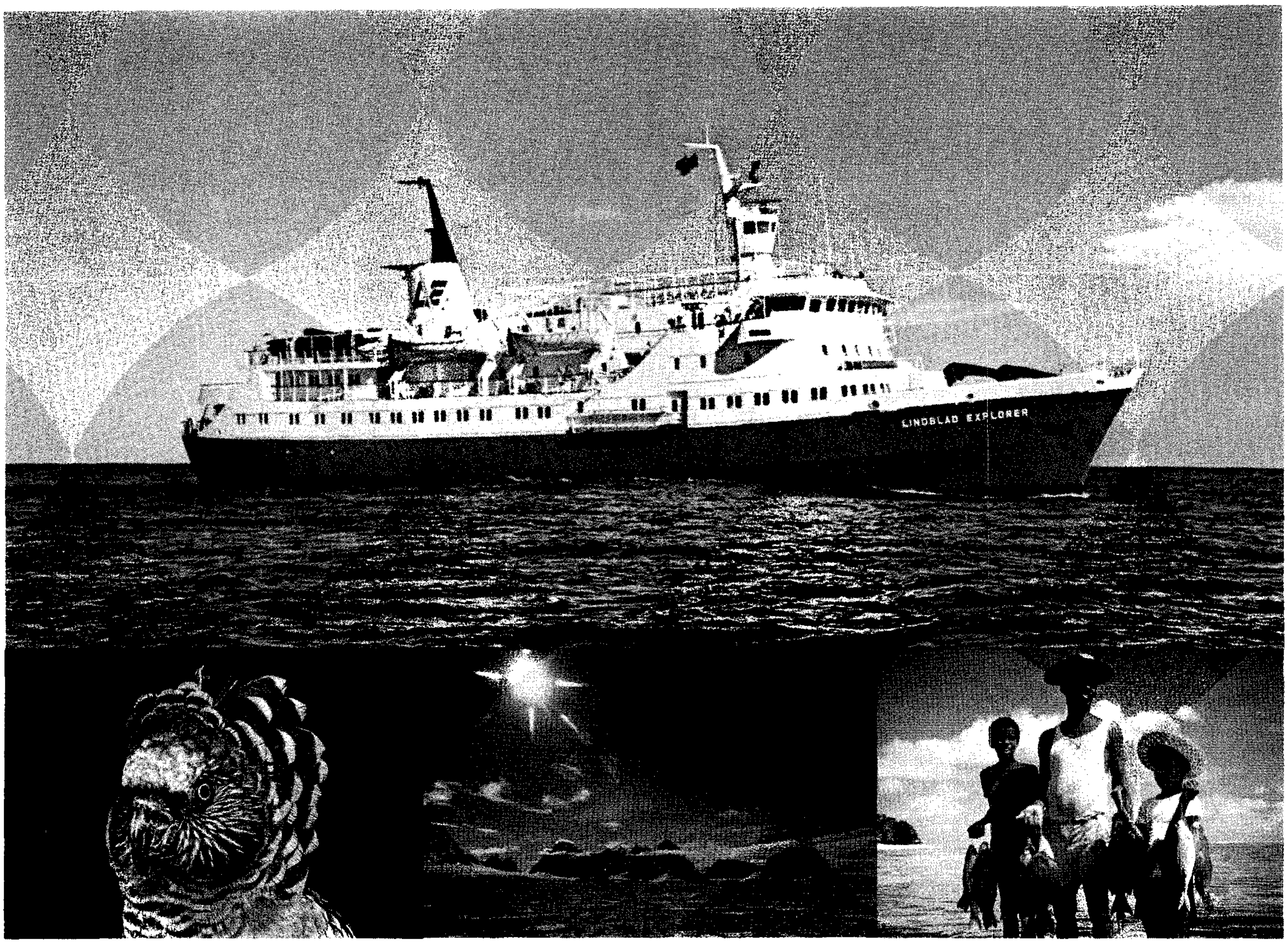

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REFLECTIONS

THE WAITING NATIONS

WROTE Auden, just before the Second World War:

> In the nightmare of the dark
> All the dogs of Europe bark,
> And the living nations wait,
> Each sequestered in its hate. . . .

Expressed now in what we call the new European pacifism, or neutralism, is a grasp of the monstrosity of our present situation: armed like madmen, with weapons grossly disproportionate to rational military ends, we stand in permanent confrontation with Russia across minefields and barbed wire—for what? That is to say, to deal with what active threats? To achieve what ambitions? There is profound moral and political cleavage between the Western nations and the Soviet Union. But our armies and all the nuclear weapons are meant not to conduct a moral battle but to wage a war. What war?

There is no longer agreement among the Western governments about what the Soviet danger is. To some in the Reagan Administration, there appears to be an active threat of attack. They, accordingly, want unqualified American military superiority and stepped-up economic warfare against the U.S.S.R. They take with utter seriousness the traditional Soviet ideological insistence that our two systems are permanently irreconcilable—that we coexist merely because history has conceded the Western democracies a temporary stay of execution. In Europe, however, the position of these Americans is highly controversial. It is accepted by only a narrow segment of opinion, and is not the view of West European foreign offices or governments.

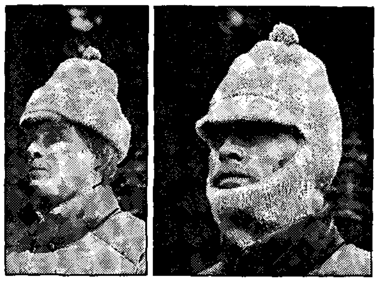
The Soviet Union, for its part, displays signs of disorientation before the inconsistencies in Western policies, drawing more into itself, constantly looking more to military measures to find security. Its acts are in a narrow sense rational but in a larger sphere inappropriate. The invasion of Afghanistan and the military coup d'etat in Poland have solved nothing. The Soviet Union is less secure than it was before. The installation of new SS-20 intermediate-range missiles has provoked a new NATO missile program that leaves both sides worse off—and that has prompted the Soviet leaders to suggest new mutual reductions.

The perception of the mounting unreasonableness in our situation lies behind the pacifist and anti-nuclear movements that have reëmerged in the United States and Western Europe. Although these respond to specific issues, they have been lent force by a growing belief in the moral indefensibility and practical inutility (or disutility) of our present nuclear arsenals.

The nuclear confrontation thus has diminished credibility as the way to keep the peace, but the solutions proposed in the peace movement do not convince very many outside its ranks. The substitution of conventional for nuclear deterrence is reasonable, but it carries economic and social costs that governments in the West have not wished to undertake. Large standing armies are expensive. The draft is unpopular in the United States. Social expenditures, industrial investment, and living standards would suffer if the Western governments seriously enlarged their conventional military forces. There is a further, and culpable, unreasonableness in this refusal to accept the consequences of a policy that would reduce our dependence upon the irrationalities of nuclear confrontation.

The idea of major political initiatives that are meant to find a way to disengage, or dismantle, the two blocs meets resistance because of inherent difficulties, which are large, and also because insecure as the bloc system has become, the thought of being without it frightens people. Paradoxically, those in the countries where the peace movement is strongest are most frightened. In West Germany and the Netherlands, it is extremely difficult to find people in responsible positions who are willing to consider political alternatives to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the Warsaw

"Harry used to be frightfully fussy about Martinis, but now he figures what the hell."



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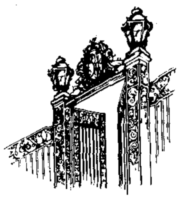

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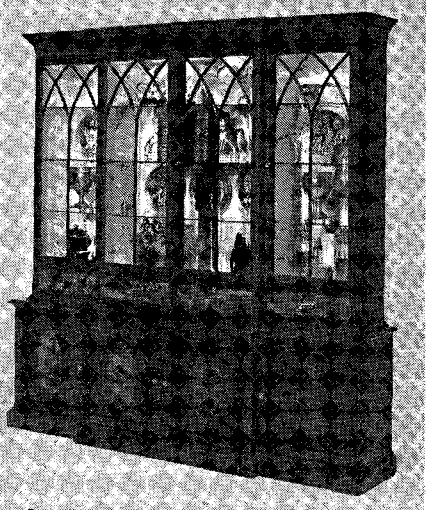
Pact. This, of course, reflects the official notion that to talk about dangerous eventualities is to make them more plausible and so more likely. To raise a question about the possible dissolution of NATO, under pressure from the peace movement, European anti-Americanism, and American neo-isolationism, is to meet a denial of the terms of the question itself. It can't happen here. But, of course, it can. It is happening.

IN France, which has its own deterrent, and where the anti-nuclear movement scarcely exists, there is willing but unspecific discussion of an end to the bloc system. The Socialist government proposed last year that the existing West European defense alliance, the West European Union, created in 1948, be overhauled and put back to work. The old problem of a European deterrent is again under study. The opposition leader, Jacques Chirac said at the time of the Polish coup, "Can we seriously say that this Europe of two hundred and fifty million people must depend upon the United States for its defense? This is not serious; it is not reasonable."

The alliance has been weakened on both sides of the Atlantic. European anti-nuclear protests and the hostility of the European governments to policies of the Reagan Administration have provoked reciprocal hostility among American policymakers and their supporters in the press and the intellectual community. The Administration has warned both the Japanese government and the German government that they are not doing enough to defend themselves. The American Ambassador to Bonn, Arthur Burns, warned the German Foreign Policy Association more than a year ago that American troops "will not stay if they are not welcome" in Western Europe. He said, "There may well be a growing sentiment in America to turn back upon itself and let Europe depend for its security and freedom upon its own resources or upon Soviet good will." Democratic Representative Les Aspin, of Wisconsin, thinks that if the Geneva arms talks produce nothing of consequence—and that seems very possible—and Europeans nonetheless resist higher NATO budgets and the deployment of Pershing missiles, "a proposal to withdraw our troops would go through Congress like a prairie fire." Howard Baker, the Senate Majority Leader, thinks that even now such a resolution might be carried.



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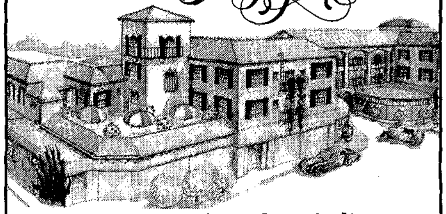

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Writers in the *Wall Street Journal* have proposed that the United States turn its attention toward Asia—a view that has been held by the right wing of the Republican Party since the time of General MacArthur. It is a way to escape Europe, where all the problems are. Even in the academic foreign-policy and strategic-studies communities, the allure of isolationism is evident.

ALL this is ordinarily taken to add up to a very bad thing. One might ask, however, if it may not in the end prove to have been a good thing—or, at least, a necessary thing. It is making explicit a fundamental, and undoubtedly inevitable, change in the American security relationship with Western Europe, which was never a true union of minds but, rather, a practical association to deal with the problems of a particular time—the end of the nineteen-forties and the beginning of the nineteen-fifties. It may be that what is happening now can compel the governments of the West to do what they have so stubbornly resisted doing, which is to look for a creative way out of this blocked, corroded, and extremely dangerous military confrontation with the Soviet Union.

The Western governments might ask, at last, what might take the place of what we have, and could leave the United States, the Soviet Union, and the European nations on both sides of the German divide more secure rather than less. The intellectual enterprise would necessarily consider whether the military separation of Western Europe from the United States, with a European reassumption of responsibility for primary defense and the withdrawal of American ground forces from Europe—ordinarily opposed as opening the way to Soviet domination there—might actually provide the crucial element in the unlocking of a larger political settlement on the Continent. This settlement would certainly not cause world peace to break out; the global Soviet-Western political competition would undoubtedly continue, being a basic competition of *Weltanschauungen*, of visions of history. The risks merely might be reduced.

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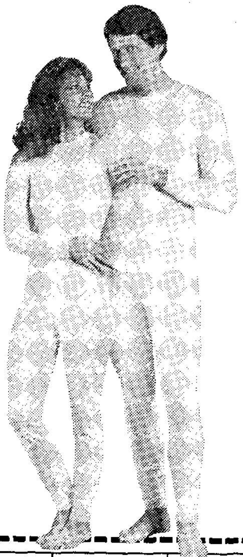

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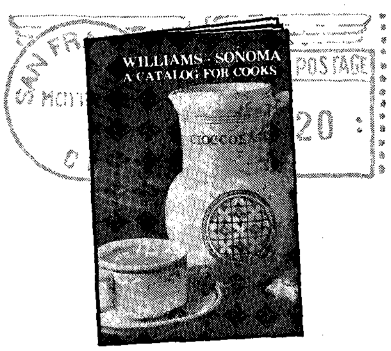

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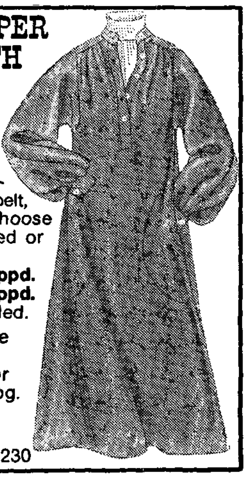

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mal opponents? The question is one not only of motivation but of means. The Soviet forces have an advantage in numbers and equipment over those of NATO, although not, one would think, an advantage in quality. Their material superiority is not of an order that can reliably promise victory in an attack upon Western Europe. The buildup of Soviet armaments continues, of course, although, it seems, at a more or less constant rate rather than an accelerating one. As Colin Gray, of the National Institute for Public Policy has recently written, Soviet programs seem largely indifferent to anything other than the general level of military expenditure in the United States. That is, they are not reactive; they are directed toward providing the Soviet Union with "the unilateral ability to assure state and national survival. . . ." The Soviet armed forces are intended to "express as well as enforce the will of the state, and to seek whatever degree of military preponderance foreign competitors permit (or cannot prevent)."

The problem of motivation must therefore be addressed: What does an attack accomplish for the Soviets, and at what cost, against the resistance of undeniably formidable NATO forces and in the face of the virtually inevitable recourse by the Western powers to nuclear weapons? There is what Herman Kahn once described as the rationality of not stepping off the top of the Empire State Building, especially on the basis of a committee decision. Nevertheless, there are those who have jumped.

In Western Europe, the Soviet Union is actively feared by almost everyone whose opinions were formed in the years of the Soviet occupation of Central Europe, the destruction of an independent politics in the zone controlled by the Soviet Army, the beginnings of the Cold War. By others, younger, it is understood that Moscow is capable of anything to maintain its position and secure its defenses; that it poses an active threat of aggression against the West, however, seems to them mere hypothesis, a proposition hard to connect with the actual conduct of the Soviet Union in the last decade, which has seemed that of a profoundly conservative, even reactionary power.

The defense of the West was a spontaneous choice and a common cause for most West Europeans during the early nineteen-fifties, when Stalin was alive and the Soviet Union re-

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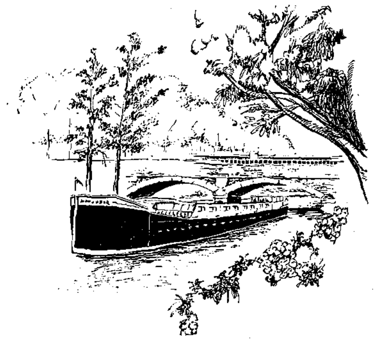

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mained dark, driven, unreconcilable. The United States then possessed a solid moral as well as military claim to the leadership of the West—a claim that rested upon its conduct in the Second World War and the generosity and gravity of its postwar policies. Now the defense of the West is a conception that has come to possess new political complexities and a different moral dimension.

Europeans under the age of forty have few memories of the United States as liberator and as rebuilder of the European economies and of a democratic polity. To them, the United States has instead too often seemed the oppressor, in Vietnam and Cambodia; the sponsor of military dictatorship in Greece and of the Shah in Iran; the alleged "destabilizer" of Chile; the patron of corrupt oligarchies in Central America and of generals in South America. They will concede that this is a better record than the Soviet Union's, but such a comparison is held to be irrelevant. We are theirs, a part of their moral responsibility. The Russians are beyond their influence, aliens.

NATO is conceived as necessary to East-West balance today. The danger of war is seen as coming from the chance of accident or miscalculation, of something getting out of hand—the Polish crisis, an affair involving Berlin and the two Germanys, an intervention in Yugoslavia. The arguments, heard at the time President Reagan took over in Washington, that we are in danger of war because of the Soviet Union's exploitation of a "window of vulnerability," and that the Soviet government has prepared itself to fight and win a nuclear war, are not widely accepted in Western Europe. In fact, they have rebounded: they have made the United States seem rather dangerous, as the country that is preparing to fight a nuclear war with the idea that it can win. This is one reason the peace movement tends to be anti-American. The Soviet Union seems an unchanging quantity: fixed, bleakly predictable, unlovable. The United States seems unstable, mercurial in its national moods, even a little hysterical, as when it treats Colonel Qaddafi and Fidel Castro as if they were major forces in the world's affairs or elevates the internal struggle of El Salvador to the level of an international event.

It has been the policy of NATO to try to effect a technical and organizational integration of European and American

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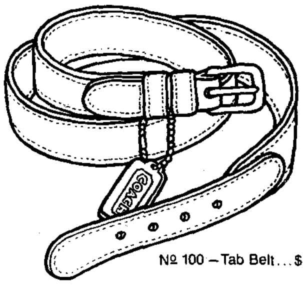

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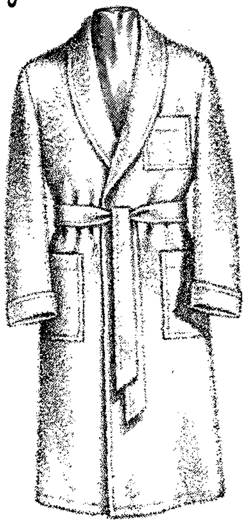

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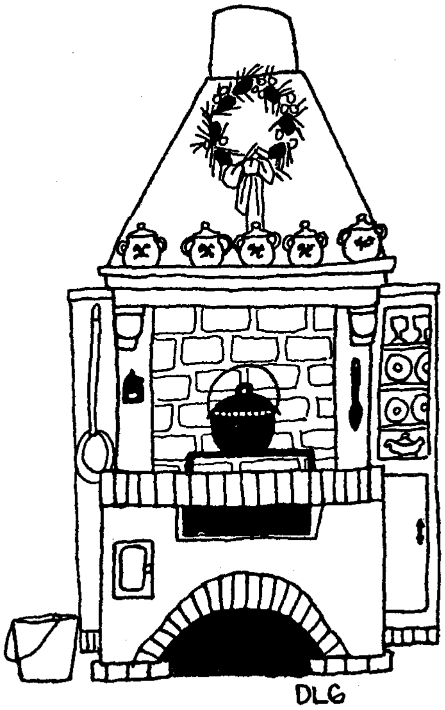
security. That is what the intermediate-range missiles are about. The reason for putting new Pershing II missiles in Western Europe is not that the West is in need of more missiles as such; it is to make it impossible for the Soviet Union to attack, or threaten, Europe with its own intermediate-range missiles while claiming that the United States ought not involve itself, since these weapons cannot threaten the United States. Pershings and ground-launched cruise missiles fill a gap in the spectrum of nuclear weapons, and were first sought by the West Europeans themselves, to assure that Europe's nuclear defense could not be uncoupled from that of the United States.

It has been the policy of the Soviet Union to attempt to break the link and separate the European powers from the United States. That is the obvious way to reduce the apparent threat to itself. Russia's sense of threat derives from its history of being invaded, and particularly from the suffering inflicted—within living memory—by Nazi Germany. This fear—which is ultimately a fear for national survival—appears to be validated by the system of alliances which rings the Soviet state: by the existence of a huge and hostile China on one side and NATO Europe on the other, both of them sustained by the remote and immense power of the United States. How can the Soviets loosen their grip on Poland and Eastern Europe—their defensive glacis on the west—as long as this risk continues? The basis of American security policy in Europe, on the other hand, is the fear that Russia will come to dominate Germany and the rest of Europe, and the larger belief that the Soviet Union is ideologically committed to conquering the world—the latter certainly a conviction of the Reagan Administration. These reciprocal fears provide the rationale for our nuclear confrontation.

The European continent, at the end of thirty-seven postwar years, finds itself swollen with arms to meet threats that were first posed thirty-seven years ago. The Soviet national economy, unbrilliant to begin with, is crippled by the presumed need to support both a huge standing army designed to defeat an invasion analogous to Hitler's and a strategic nuclear force to rival that of the United States. A colossally expensive military confrontation exists in Europe which relates to the past, not the present. We are defending ourselves against Stalin, and the Soviets are defending themselves agains Hitler—and, beyond that, agains history itself, which has never been kind to Russia.

IN 1904, a writer in the German satirical magazine *Simplicissimu* said of the Prussian soldier that "a the top of the uniform is situated the head, to inform the soldier of the *height to which his salute should be* brought." There is something of this logic in our present condition. We arm to meet the level of threat we perceive in our enemy's having armed to deal with what he conceives to be the threat we present to him. We all wring our hands at the danger, but we have resisted attempts to go to the political sources of the conflict. The American, British, and Polish proposals for political change in Europe made in the mid-nineteen-fifties, advocating denuclearized zones in central Europe or mutual military pullbacks—"disengagement"—all failed, not because the Soviet Union had time to reject them but because the United States government was hostile. Yet the security arrangements we now possess in Europe have served their original purpose. They have kept the peace in Europe for nearly four decades. That they can continue to keep the peace is by no means clear.

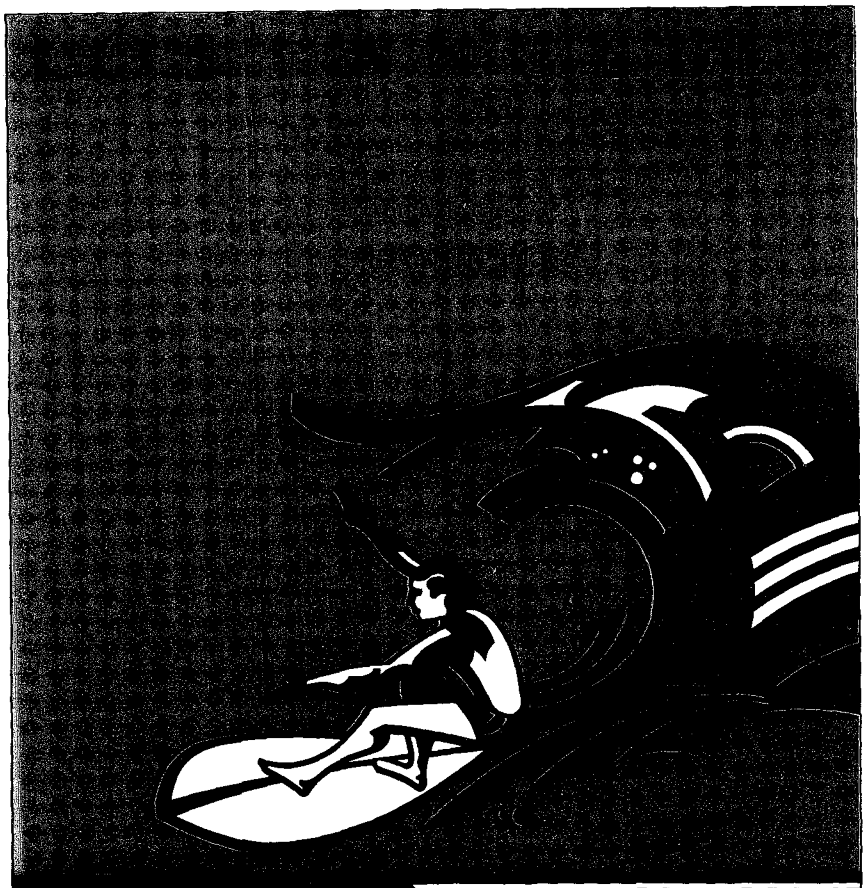
The Soviet position in Eastern Europe is steadily worsening. The United States was compelled to acquiesce in Soviet control of the East European states during the nineteen-fifties because the alternative seemed to



be war. But this arrangement, as in the case of Poland, now itself threatens to become a cause of war. We have a positive interest, as does the Soviet Union, in replacing this system, which can no longer be relied upon, with an agreement that would substitute political for military guarantees of security to both sides in Europe. Past efforts to modify the Cold War have usually deliberately avoided the political dimension. The arms-control effort has expressed the engineer's (or the scientist's) approach, not without success. Indeed, it arose in scientific circles rather than among politicians or diplomats. It has looked for objective and technically workable reductions in mutually identifiable risks—avoiding "extraneous" considerations, such as why the risks exist at all.

A new attempt to find a political settlement in Europe would be time-consuming and complicated to negotiate and would possess a real cost in destabilizing the existing security arrangements. It would presume a minimal willingness to accommodate on the part of the Soviet government. But it would also represent an attempt to capitalize intelligently upon the Soviet Union's waning power to control the insurgent nationalisms of Eastern Europe, and upon the inevitable and approaching end to America's guardianship of Western Europe—and thus to turn to constructive use what cannot be avoided. On the other hand, the destructive forces now at work, left unchannelled, threaten to bring an American withdrawal from Europe on terms of acrimony, leaving disorder behind, with nothing gained from the Soviet Union in exchange and the world in more danger than it already is.

THE analogy of 1914 is troubling. Everyone knows today that nothing was worth the 1914-18 war. Everyone did not know it then. The people who launched the war believed that they were vindicating a culture, validating a nation, saving a civilization. The same motives exist today. The Germans believed that their country was thwarted and menaced by the Franco-Russian alliance and the Anglo-French Entente. Like the Soviet leadership today, they sensed themselves encircled. They were encircled, as Russia is today. On one side, in 1914, was a France that had schooled itself for two generations to avenge 1870 and recover Alsace and Lorraine. On the other side was Impe-



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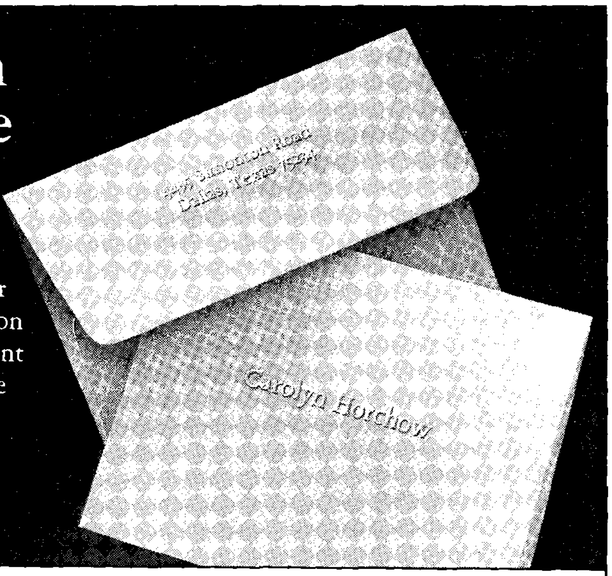

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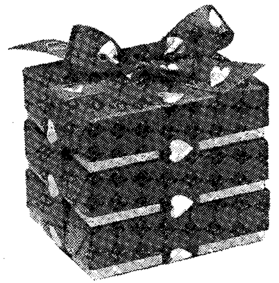

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rial Russia, claiming the role of protector of those South Slavs whose national movements had undermined the Hapsburg system. Britain insisted upon maritime supremacy. Any expansion of the German fleet would be bettered by Britain's shipbuilders. At whatever cost, Britain was determined to have, so to speak, an invulnerable second-strike capability—its war-fighting and war-winning strategic force.

The British conceived of themselves as guarantors of freedom of the seas and of commerce. They also saw themselves as the civilizing force in eastern and southern Africa, and east of Suez. But German purposes were also, in German eyes, "great moral ends," requiring an enlarged sphere of action, new territories, colonies. Germany was "compressed into narrow, unnatural limits," according to General Friedrich von Bernhardi, who had served as chief of the Military History Section of the General Staff and was one of the most influential geopolitical intellectuals of the prewar period.

There was, as there is now, a theory of deterrence—Norman Angell's. Angell argued that the financial and economic interdependence of nations was so intense that a war would obviously ruin the winner as surely as the loser, and therefore no nation would be so mad as to begin such a war. His book "The Great Illusion" was translated into eleven languages. The chairman of Britain's War Committee, Viscount Esher, who was a friend of the King, presented copies of the book to the Kaiser and the Crown Prince in Berlin. Angell's premise was, of course, proved correct; his conclusion false.

There were reciprocal fears. The French were convinced that Germany, in Clemenceau's words,, "has fixed as its policy the extermination of France." The Kaiser scribbled in the margin of a report asserting that Edward VII wanted peace, "Lies. He wants war." On all sides, there was fear, a sense of honor engaged, noble ambition. No one went to war for squalid conquest, mere loot, expansion for expansion's sake. No one actually willed the war. There was an incident of terrorism in the Balkans, imprudent threats, alliances invoked, contingency plans that it was too late to change.

The other analogy with 1914 is that the men were inadequate. The Kaiser was foolish and vain. His generals were brilliant technicians and political idiots, who invaded Belgium

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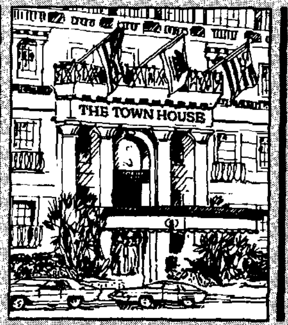

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because it was the way to envelop France, and thereby caused Britain to declare war on Germany; who adopted unrestricted submarine warfare because that was the efficient way to fight Britain, and thereby brought the United States into the war against Germany. The Czar and his government were cut off by class outlook and by ignorance from what was happening within their own society, and thus shortly saw it collapse beneath them. The Russian Army, the biggest in Europe—more than six million men under arms, a "colossus" that had obsessed the contemporary West—was to suffer one of the decisive defeats of modern military history within a month of the war's outbreak, comparable with Hannibal's encirclement and destruction of the Romans at Cannae. "Well, well," wrote one of von Hindenburg's aides, at the end of the summer of 1914. "Up to now, with our inferior numbers we have defeated about fifteen Russian Army corps and eight cavalry divisions, and we are not finished yet."

France's soldiers arrogantly went to war in red trousers, with a romantic doctrine of attack at any cost—against machine guns, quick-firing artillery, barbed wire: "*Toujours l'audace!*" The British professional Army had been a colonial gendarmerie for decades, and even after its generals were provided with a "New Army" of volunteers, and still another of conscripts, they spent their time until 1918 looking for a chance to turn their cavalry loose, as in the Crimea.

There were no statesmen to match the events of 1914—only modest men, pompous in their prejudices, victims of the ideas in the air, of the conventional wisdom. They addressed themselves to national publics that were, like America's today, solipsistic, for whom the rest of the world had only nominal existence, who could not imagine the actual consequences of what they had begun.

Auden's lines continue:

> Intellectual disgrace
> Stares from every human face,
> And the seas of pity lie
> Locked and frozen in each eye.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

•

The International Society of Psychoneuroendocrinology has established the annual Curt P. Richter prize of $1000 for the best manuscript submitted by a scientist or physician under the age of 10.—*The Lancet*.

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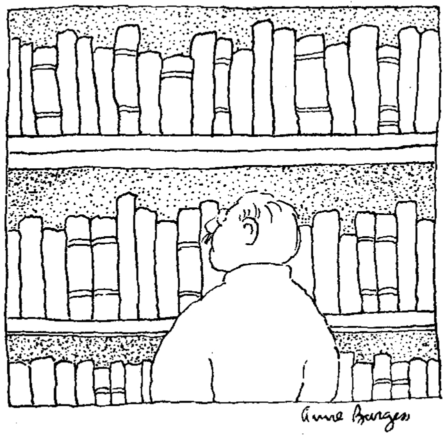
BOOKS

Spent Arrows and First Buddings

NATSUME SŌSEKI, who was born in 1867 and died, at the age of forty-nine, in 1916, is considered the foremost Japanese novelist of the early twentieth century. English translations of seven of his novels have now been simultaneously published by Putnam, as part of its paperback Perigee Japanese Library. To judge by two novels also issued in hardcover by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan—"I Am a Cat" (translated by Katsue Shibata and Motonari Kai; $15.95) and "Mon" (translated by Francis Mathy; $13.95)—Sōseki's was a wan talent, given to affectionate descriptions of the weather and drifting accounts of conversational impasse within the paper walls of Japanese homes. "Mon" takes place in 1909-1910, and "I Am a Cat" shortly after the conclusion, in 1905, of the Russo-Japanese War—a lopsided triumph for the Japanese that signalled their arrival as the newest of the world's imperial powers and that on the other side helped trigger czarist Russia's slide into revolution. Yet Sōseki's characters take small comfort from Japan's international burgeoning and remind us of Chekhov's gentle, dithering, futile gentry. The debilitating effects of Westernization are one of Sōseki's themes, and one he was well qualified to understand: a student of English literature, he lived in England for the first three years of the century and returned in 1903 to succeed Lafcadio Hearn as lecturer in English literature at Tokyo's Imperial University. "In 1907," his jacket biography goes on to tell us, "he became a full-time writer, producing a group of carefully written novels treating the spiritual torment of Japan's urban intellectuals." "Torment" seems too strong a term for the manicky and idle condition of the intelligentsia whose prattle fills most of "I Am a Cat" 's four hundred pages, and, even when the losses of translation have been discounted, "carefully written" hardly fits this rambling fantasy, as much essay as narrative, murky and attenuated in its fable and inscrutably aimed in its satire. Well, "The Lives and Times of Archy & Mehitabel" in Japanese might not be so easy, either.

"I Am a Cat" was Sōseki's first novel and made his fame. Written by a teacher, it is bookish; it is riddled with the lore and tag names of Western culture, from Aeschylus and Seneca to Leibniz and Nietzsche and Carlyle and right up to date with William James and Henry James and George Meredith. "Tristram Shandy" gets mentioned, and readers who relish that work's stalled action and endless playful quibbling might find the discourses of "I Am a Cat" less tedious than did this reviewer, who lost track, often, of who is talking and what is being talked about. A nameless cat, a stray tossed by a student into the household of a disgruntled, dyspeptic, jam-loving, poem-writing schoolteacher called Mr. Kushami, gives a narrative account of what he overhears there and in a few neighboring houses, chiefly that of a businessman called Kaneda, his big-nosed wife, and a marriageable daughter. Among Mr. Kushami's visitors are Kangetsu, a scientist who spends his time grinding glass balls smaller and smaller as research into "The Effects of Ultra-Violet Rays on the Electro-Movement Action of the Frog's Eyeball;" Meitei, an aesthetician "as unsteady as goldfish food floating on the surface of a pond;" Suzuki, an old school friend of Kushami's actually in Kaneda's pay as a spy; Tofu Ochi, a young clerk of few discernible qualities; and Dokusen Yagi, a Zen sage whose disciples tend to go crazy. The cat, though born in "a gloomy damp place" and destined to drown in a rain barrel at the age of two, spices his account with an unexpected knowledgeability: he knows that "Chikamatsu is considered as the Shakespeare of Japan" and observes of Mrs. Kaneda that her eyes are "thinner than the eyes of a whale," though where a Tokyo alley cat would have seen a whale is left to the imagination. The narrator seems very much a cat at places, chasing insects and climbing trees and falling in love with other cats, and at other places scarcely distinguishable from the woolgathering human riffraff that visits and heckles Mr. Kushami. A certain carelessness in regard to its central premise prevents "I Am a Cat" from developing the wit and force of such zoomorphic fables as Kafka's "Report to an Academy," Orwell's "Animal Farm," and the Houyhnhnms section of "Gulliver's Travels." The panoramic possibilities of a prowling cat as silent, intelligent witness are oddly stunted; beyond a few forays into the Kanedas' house next door, our feline commentator seems content to take the human comedy as it arrives, with monotonous talkiness, in Mr. Kushami's six-mat room.



Several passages do, however, develop a sustained interest. The author has closely observed pet cats, and the protagonist's preening upon "the plum-blossom marks of my paws on the porch" and interrogations of his own twitching tail gratify us with specificity, and even with poetry:

> Cats have feet but we use them as if we were floating. We never make any clumsy noise. It is like stepping on air, like riding the clouds, like tapping temple bells under water, or like playing the harp inside a cave.

Sōseki also knew students and the discomforts of discipline, and the chapter on the campaign of teasing launched upon poor Mr. Kushami by the pupils of the nearby Raku-unkan (Descending Cloud) Junior High School has enough authority and embodied emotion to induce us to stop counting the pages as we read. The second half of the book is better than the first; it takes Sōseki too long to bring Mr. Kushami into focus. We are told repeatedly that he is a fool, but the core of his foolishness is not laid bare. Is it that he, like Molière's *bourgeois gentilhomme*, is obsessed by an inappropriate aspiration? Or is he meant to be made rigid, like one of Shakespeare's peripheral clowns, by a dominant humor? "My master has always been too rigid. He is as crusty as coke and terribly intolerant besides," the cat claims at one point; but the behavior we see is characterized by a certain sullen passivity rather than any dynamic crustiness. He is a hypochondriac—"an idiot and an invalid," the cat confides—but not much is done with the farcical possibilities of *un malade imaginaire*. His comic flaw seems to consist, at bottom, in being merely human—"He wants the luxury of being an invalid but not of being sick enough to die. If he were told that his illness were fatal, he, being timid, would most probably tremble." The cat likens his master to "a spent arrow shot from a strong bow," a phrase that perhaps sums up much of Sōseki's unease about the society around him. Westernization threw a harsh light into the cloisters of traditional Japanese culture; it brought doubt, followed by a vulgar busyness of imitation. Without overwhelming conviction but with a poignance of wounded feeling, Sōseki articulates a reactionary easing of this doubt. The Zen master, Dokusen, though ridiculed elsewhere in the novel, is allowed to frame a shrewd critique of the West:

"How can you make jokes in times like these?"

> I believe the Japanese of old were much more clever than most Westerners. Westerners want to be positive and this is quite the fashion in Japan today, but being so positive has a great defect. In the first place, there's no limit to the craving for satisfaction. A state of thorough completeness is never attained. Do you see those cypress trees over there? Well, you say to yourself that they're unsightly so you clear them away; then it would be the boarding house beyond them that irritates you. There would be no limit to your search for the perfect view. Westerners are like this. . . . One cannot stop the sun from setting nor can one reverse the flow of the Kamo River. But what we can all manage to control is our own mind.

The novel ends with an abrupt prayer to Buddha and the assertion "Peace cannot be had without dying." Throughout this diffuse and feebly organized tale, Sōseki shows a fine gift for aphorism, that recourse of resigned minds:

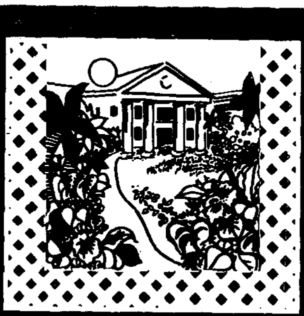
> Among humans, everything done aggressively has the right to be copied.
>
> Just as nature abhors a vacuum, man dislikes equality.
>
> A mirror is a brewery of vanity and, at the same time, a sterilizer of pride.
>
> God is only a dummy invented by those who are in desperate trouble.
>
> Humans are continually accumulating what they do not need and then pitying themselves for the burden.
>
> Almost everyone living in the twentieth century has become somewhat of a detective.

"MON," which translates as "The Gate" but has been allowed to stand as the translation's title, tells of a couple, Sosuke and Oyone, who married in haste and amid disapproval, as they six years later worry through some minor difficulties in their isolated, chastened life together in Tokyo. An uncle has cheated Sosuke of the inheritance that would have enabled him to put his younger brother, Koroku, through college. Sosuke makes the acquaintance of a wealthy neighbor, Mr. Sakai, who offhandedly provides a solution to this embarrassment. Oyone's former lover, Yasui, who was also Sosuke's best friend, returns from Manchuria, where he has become an adventurer; but an awkward meeting is avoided. Sosuke, dissatisfied and restless, undertakes a retreat in a Zen temple but finds it unhelpful. Returning to work, he receives a small raise.

As with "I Am a Cat," but less exasperatingly, this short novel is stabbingly sketched, with blank places a Western novelist would have felt obliged to fill in. The exact incidents of the couple's original fall into disgrace and marriage are left vague. We are told merely:

> A furious wind had blown up from nowhere and struck down the unwary couple. When they finally picked themselves up off the ground, they saw that they were covered with dirt from head to foot. This they recognized. But when and how they had fallen, neither could say. . . . Prior to looking at themselves in shame as immoral, they looked at themselves in wonder as stupid.

Yet as a portrait of domestic life and daily discontents, Japanese style, "Mon" is pleasant to read, and its very diffidence serves to pique our interest. As with Mr. Kushami, it is hard to know exactly what is wrong with Sosuke, that he is incapable of either action or contentment. "As he walked through the black night, he thought of his desire to escape from his poverty of spirit. He felt himself weak, restless, fearful, uncertain, cowardly and mean." When he goes to "the gate"—the path of Zen, as disclosed during his retreat at the temple—the result is neither illumination nor drastic disillusion and consequent resolve. "He



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had come here to have the gate opened to him, but its warden had remained obstinately within." The temple head—the *roshi*—sets Sosuke a *koan* with a casualness that borders on contempt:

> "I suppose it doesn't make much difference what you begin with," the *roshi* told Sosuke. "How about trying to work on 'What was my Face before my parents were born?' "

The wry religious comedy of the novice's inexpert and distracted meditation follows: "It even occurred to him as he sat there trying to meditate that this was all very silly." We are never told what answer to the *koan* Sosuke comes up with, but the *roshi* pronounces it unsatisfactory:

> The *roshi* spoke only one sentence to Sosuke, who sat before him, drained of all spirit. "If you haven't more to offer than that, you shouldn't have come; anyone with even a little education could say as much as you said."
>
> Sosuke left the room feeling like a dog whose master has died. Behind him the gong clanged loudly.

"Drained of all spirit" he remains—a kind of "spent arrow" in a world where enterprise belongs entirely to others and religious impulse has been reduced to an objectless longing. When the pale but patient Oyone remarks that it is at last spring, her husband replies that it will soon be winter, and keeps cutting his fingernails. Natsume Sōseki's refusal to force his material toward pat conclusions or heightened climaxes represents a kind of negative power, that surrender to irregularity which is one of art's maneuvers of renewal. Sosuke does not struggle against his "fate" (a recurrent word), and his creator does not struggle to give his little novel more shape than the untransfigured lives within it deserve. A certain Western restlessness has penetrated these lives, but no concomitant hope. "The couple had come this far without either sitting on the benches of the Christian meeting place or passing through the gate of the Buddhist temple. That they finally found a measure of peace was due only to the medicinal powers of passing time, which is the blessing of nature." If the author himself is viewing his couple from a settled religious perspective, his judgment is delicately implied indeed.

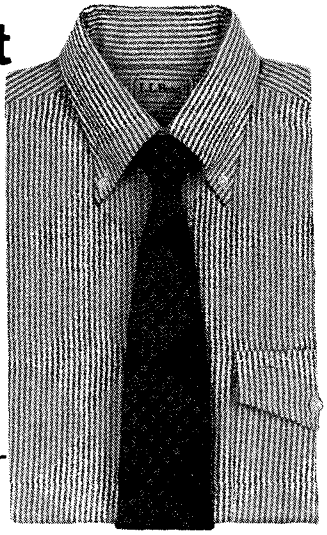
Sōseki seems present in his passive, baffled protagonists—embodied wistfully in the youthful Sosuke, and erratically parodied in the figure of Mr. Kushami. Both novels left this reader, at his several removes in space and time, with the sensation of music heard fitfully across the water; that both appeared beguiling and relevant to their contemporary audience is a historical fact, but the secret of their beguilement lies well below the surface of these rather dusty, stiff translations.

LEST we think that all Japanese fiction must arrive here muffled by an alien suggestiveness and restraint, two short works by Junichirō Tanizaki speak out with the clarity and color of a master. Tanizaki (1886-1965) was of the generation succeeding Sōseki's, and his work has little of Sōseki's fin-de-siècle sickliness, though a certain morbidity—a concern with pathology—would seem instinctive in Japanese fiction. The full assurance of a naturalism that Sōseki and others achieved, in their rebellion against an entrenched literary formalism, descended to Tanizaki, so that he was able to revert, after his move from Tokyo to the Kyoto-Osaka region, in 1923, to the matter, and even the manner, of historical chronicles. His career was long, vigorous, and varied, and many thought that he, and not Yasunari Kawabata, should have been the first Japanese writer to receive the Nobel Prize. Two novellas fluently translated by Anthony H. Chambers and bound into a single small volume by Knopf ($12.95) were written by Tanizaki in mid-career—"The Secret History of the Lord of Musashi" in 1931-32, and "Arrowroot" in 1930. In 1928, he had translated Stendhal's "Abbess of Castro" from French into Japanese, and both of his works stem, like Stendhal's, from a purported historical investigation.

Tanizaki's preface to "The Secret History," after mentioning several historical warlords rumored to be pederasts, considers a fictional sixteenth-century samurai, the Lord of Musashi, "the boldest, cruelest leader of his age," of whom "those close to him said that he had masochistic sexual desires." Tanizaki claims to have "recently examined some secret documents in the possession of the Kiryū family and learned what sort of man he really was." Quoting, then, from the nun Myōkaku's memoir "The Dream of a Night" and from "Confessions of Dōami"—the recollections of a close attendant upon the Lord of Musashi—he embarks, in the full regalia of medieval Japan, upon a case history as lurid as but more affecting than any in Krafft-Ebing. The Lord of Musashi, whose childhood name was Hōshimaru, took his fateful sexual imprinting when he was twelve years old, and a "hostage"—an enforced uest sent by a vassal daimyo to the ourt of his lord—in the besieged cas-e on Mount Ojika, the seat of the ord Tsukuma Ikkansai. The siege, ounted by the forces of Yakushiji anjō Masataka, is going badly for he defenders, and rages every day. The boy is too young to take part in he fighting but, as a concession to his ascination, is taken by an old woman o the chamber of the castle where a roup of women—themselves hostages —prepare each night, for inspection y the commander, the heads of enemy warriors slain during the day. “Dress-ng heads” involved washing them, ixing them to a board, arranging the air, and attaching a label by piercing ne earlobe. The sights and smells of his bizarre military nicety—carried ut in an incongruous atmosphere of eminine ministration, in the dead of he night—are rendered with a lyric alm that carries them into us as unforgettably as they carry into the child voyeur. One of the head-dressers is a young woman of fifteen or sixteen. “Her round face, though quite expressionless, had a natural charm. Now and then, as she gazed at a head, an unconscious smile would play about her lips. It was this smile that attracted Hōshimaru to her. At such moments, a guileless cruelty showed in her face.” An ambivalence in the image females present has already been foreshadowed by a moment when the old woman leading Hōshimaru to this enchanted place turns in a passageway:

> The light reflected off the polished floorboards and shone red in the old woman’s face when she turned to signal Hōshimaru with her eyes. Her breath was white as she spoke. She no longer looked like the refined, warmhearted matron that he was used to seeing by daylight. The deep shadows in her sunken flesh gave her the haggard look of a demon mask.

Entranced and agitated, the boy returns of his own volition the next night, and the next, and on the third night finds the girl working upon a head without a nose—for it was the custom, when a samurai could not carry all the heads of those he had slain, to cut off the noses, and return to the battlefield later with the noses to match them to his trophies. “The girl carefully ran her comb through the noseless head’s lustrous black hair and retied the topknot; then, as she always did, she gazed at the center of the face, where the nose should have been, and smiled. As usual, the boy was enchanted by her expression, but the surge of emotion he experienced at that moment was far stronger than any he had ever felt before.” Two



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nights later, Hōshimaru sneaks out into the enemy camp and obtains a severed nose of his own, thus embarking upon his dual career as a great samurai and a very kinky lover.

Without the story's exactly running down, nothing in it afterward matches, for power and beauty, the seminal scene of the head-dressing—a scene, as the eminent Japanologist Donald Keene has said, that ranks with "anything written in this century." In the subsequent adventures of Terukatsu (as Hōshimaru is called upon his coming of age), burrowing recurs as a motif—Terukatsu approaches his ladylove, for instance, by climbing up the hole of her privy—and reinforces our initial impression of human nature being sounded from deep within. The extraordinary images of the heads, and the noseless head in particular, have pressed upon the boy at the moment when his sexual latency dissolves, and the something absurd and precarious in all our cathections is dramatized. Tanizaki's relish in mingling post-Freudian perceptions with the trappings of ancient politics, architecture, and costume gives the whole tale a richly sensuous and paradoxical texture. The Lord of Musashi's attempt to share his ecstasies with his bride, Shōsetsuin (she obliges, once, and then is forever repelled), is a paradigm of many an awkward wedding night; but the central lesson—from what far and tortuous distances we bring our private needs to others!—borrows vividness from the barbaric setting so brilliantly reconstructed.

"Arrowroot" concerns a historical saga that Tanizaki did *not* write, about the "Southern Court" that a rival claimant to the imperial throne set up in a remote canyon of the Yamato mountains in 1336, and that lasted until 1457. The narrator, in an accounting as apparently casual and personal as one of Knut Hamsun's thinner novels, travels with a friend to the remote site, and concludes that "the head of this valley was just too inaccessible. Surely Prince Kitayama's poem was not composed at this place. . . . Sannoko may be the site of legends, but not of history." On the way, however, enough historical and geographical information about this wild west of Japan is given to keep us moving along that line of suspense and gratification which the best writers can establish in even their quietest modes. More than brevity and history link the two novellas; the narrator's travelling companion, a college friend named Tsumura, who has discovered relatives in a village of the Yamato province, confides to him a yearning "connected with the first budding of adolescent love," reminiscent of the case of the Lord of Musashi. In Tsumura's case, the imprint taken was of a song, used in a child's game, about the fox of Shinoda Forest, whose last lines ask, "If you miss me / Come and search / Shinoda Forest's arrowroot leaves of sorrow." Tsumura identifies his mother, who died when he was little more than an infant, with his early memory of a woman playing the koto and singing a song called "The Cry of the Fox." Further, Tsumura believes the song evokes for him not only his mother but the woman who will become his wife. "In my case, the woman of the past who was my mother, and the woman who will be my wife in the future, are both 'unknown women' and both are tied to me by an invisible thread of fate." True to his intimations, he searches out his mother's family in these western mountains and successfully courts a young cousin first seen dipping wooden frames to make sheets of paper. "Her cheeks were firm and had the healthy luster of youth; but Tsumura's heart was drawn to her fingers, immersed in the cloudy water." Hōshimaru's heart, too, had been drawn to fingers: "And her hands were more supple, more graceful as they dressed the hair, than the hands of the other women." So, while the novelist conducts researches that prove barren, he watches in the corner of his eye the fruitful conclusion of an erotic psychodrama. "Arrowroot" is related with a delightful deftness, in the blunt easy tone of a born writer, who knows how to tell us the essential things while leaving the unessential skimped.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Smoke and Other Early Stories, by Djuna Barnes, edited and with an introduction by Douglas Messerli (Sun & Moon; $12.95 cloth, $8 paper). "Tales" might be a better word than "stories" for these fourteen short pieces of fiction (accompanied by four Beardsleyesque illustrations, by the author), most of which were written, in and around 1916, for the New York *Morning Telegraph Sunday Magazine:* they have the fine-tuned finales of O. Henry plots, and their funny, bold-

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faced action could compete with newspaper headlines, comic strips, and features. In the opening story, "The Terrible Peacock," a city reporter gets a thumbnail sketch of his next assignment: "a loose-jointed, ball-bearing Clytie, rigged out with a complexion like creamed coffee stood overnight." That evening, he marvels at her teased red hair: "The moon shone through it like butter through mosquito netting." The first paragraph of "A Sprinkle of Comedy" could serve as a set of instructions to a caricaturist: "He was a tall man—with long, pale hands that swayed from the wrists like heavy flowers on slender stems. . . . His hips flattened out abruptly from the base of the slender legs, and the bulging pockets of the tweed suit were always half full of paper clippings." Mr. Messerli's introduction (containing the first of the book's several typographical errors) offers surplus analysis ("To comprehend the significance of this emphasis on action in process, one need only compare . . ."). Nevertheless, this first volume in a projected series (to include Djuna Barnes' feature articles for the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, poetry, and more fiction) is welcome.

MARSHLAND BRACE: TWO LOUISIANA STORIES, by Chris Segura (Louisiana State; $14.95). Each of these powerful works—a story and a novella—has an Acadian-French title and a sizable Acadian-French vocabulary (especially in the dialogue), and each describes with fine particularity the skills and instincts of trappers living in, and off of, Louisiana's coastal salt marshes. "Tranasse" ("Marsh Passage"), a spare account of a manhunt in the marshes, trains the reader to follow the words on the page as carefully as the hero (the hunter), poling his pirogue, watches and listens to the life stirring around him, from *canards noirs* and *dos-gris* overhead to snakes and otters below. "Les Perdues" ("The Lost Ones") tells the story of a schoolboy's first year as a full-fledged worker, alongside his stern father and his gentle uncle, as they trap and skin, fish and scale. The plot is satisfyingly dramatic, involving several fierce rivalries; one of them is resolved in a battle between a herd of cattle and a few men on horseback, during which a riderless horse dodging a crazed bull is compared to "a crab chased by a frigate

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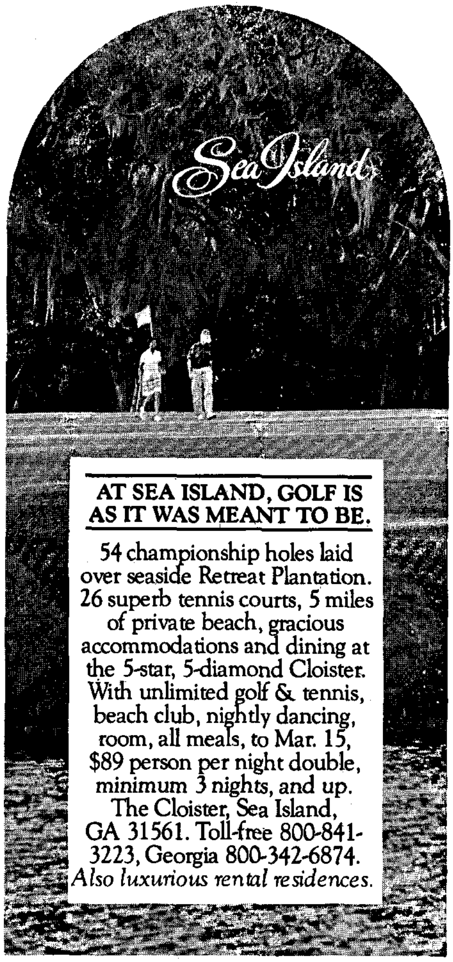

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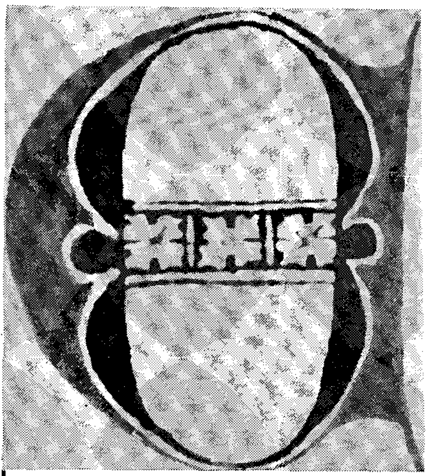
bird." Mr. Segura, described on the dust jacket as "a professional journalist," is a native of Abbeville, near which these stories are set.

GENERAL

THE TRAIN, compiled and with an introduction by Roger Green (Oxford; $9.95). An anthology in prose (Dickens, Chesterton, Ian Fleming, Graham Greene, Stevenson, Scott Fitzgerald, E. M. Forster, Kipling, Melville) and poetry (Auden, Betjeman, Dickinson, Wilfred Owen, E. B. White, Browning, Rupert Brooke, Whittier) in praise or blame of what Mr. Green (a commuter from Oxford to London) calls "*the* train—an idea as well as a reality." Some of the selections, including many by the more notable names, are little more than allusions, but there are also many useful contributions, notably by the "super-tramp" W. H. Davies and, oddly, Hart Crane. The subjects range from reactions to the first trains, through stations, commuting, and trainmen, to the journey itself. The result is a pleasant trifle that could have been less trifling if Mr. Green had widened his scope to include train robberies, train wrecks, the golden age of the hobo, and—above all—the blues: "I'm going to lay my head / On some lonesome railroad line / and let that midnight freight train / pacify my mind."

THE WAY OF THE MASKS, by Claude Lévi-Strauss, translated from the French by Sylvia Modelski (University of Washington; $18.95). Lévi-Strauss tells us that he first admired the masks of the Amerindians of the northwestern coast of the United States and Canada as art, but his specialty demanded that he seek their other meanings and purposes. This book reports his research, fieldwork, and reflections on two kinds of masks—one white and stressing convex forms, the other black and stressing the concave—and the myths and rituals associated with them. These, he believes, deal with fundamental issues concerning the organization of society: with marriage (emphasizing the benefits of exogamy and the perils of incest); with descent (patrilineal, matrilineal, and a form of kinship whose European analogue is the medieval concept of a genealogical "house"); with the exchanges in marriage (who gets, gives, or keeps dowries or control of grandchildren). He found that elements of the North-



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western myths appear as far away as South America. Europeans may recognize a few fairy-tale motifs, such as a frog prince and a rejected child who triumphs at last. The book is illustrated with photographs. In modern ones, the masks appear as sculpture, but several early photographs, which show the masks as parts of costumes worn by dancers, suggest that they are not best viewed as stark, solitary objects but properly belong to group art forms such as dance and drama.

China Winter: Workers, Mandarins, and the Purge of the Gang of Four, by Edoarda Masi, translated from the Italian by Adrienne Foulke (Dutton; $19.95). A memoir of the academic year 1976-77, which the author, an Italian sinologist, spent teaching in Shanghai. Soon after she arrived, Mao died, and his successors began their campaign against the Gang of Four. Miss Masi recognizes that the successor regime is partly Stalinist (bureaucratic), partly American (pragmatic), and partly Confucian (élitist). Of value to the Western reader are her awareness of the complexities of modern Chinese history and the vividness with which she conveys the minutiae of Shanghai life. Starting out with "revulsion at what Europe and my own country are becoming," she gradually understands that she cannot expect the Chinese to cure her disillusion; she asks herself, for example, why she keeps "stubbornly trying to find democracy where I know it cannot be."

* *

DWIGHT MACDONALD

Dwight Macdonald, who died last week, at the age of seventy-six, had a vivid, almost flamboyant presence, with a quick intelligence and an explosive laugh. As a critic and journalist, he gravitated toward big themes—culture, society, poverty in America—but his style of writing was witty, down-to-earth: conversational or epistolary. One of his most memorable forms was the letter to the editor. Even when he was being most serious, he seemed to be having fun. Though sometimes he went overboard and succeeded only in illuminating the obvious, more often he managed to uncover cant and sham, obscurantism and befuddlement. He could write affectionate praise, but among journalists he had few peers in demolishing sacred (or supposedly sacred) cows and finding the chinks in people's armor. He was also shrewd in sensing intellectual currents and picking timely targets. Consequently, his occasional pieces tended to be better known than the books of many other writers. And he was one of his best champions: in April, at a dinner of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, he forthrightly went around selling copies of one of his books and collecting checks on the spot.

Dwight—it was impossible to think of him as Mr. Macdonald—revelled in the cut and thrust of argument and didn't worry much about time, place, or circumstances. He was once introduced to a famous Catholic theologian at a cocktail party and immediately asked him, "How can you believe in God?" His interest was so genuine that he succeeded in engaging the theologian in a lively conversation about Aquinas and about the general subject of first principles. Dwight was nothing if not artful. A colleague remembers visiting the Macdonald home in 1960 when Dwight was entertaining the painter Sir Richard Rees. A friend turned up for dinner with two surprise guests—Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky. Orlovsky, having sat all evening staring at Sir Richard, suddenly piped up. "He's a bird," he said. While everyone else was a little taken aback, Dwight shouted with delight. Orlovsky had trouble articulating what he meant, but Dwight thought the matter out with him and became convinced that Orlovsky, as Dwight put it, "had a point."

Dwight was, successively, a Stalinist, a Trotskyist, an anarchist, a pacifist, a conservative. He wrote for *Fortune*, *Partisan Review*, *Esquire*, *Encounter*, *New York Review*. He founded and edited his own journal of opinion, *Politics*. For twenty years or so, he was a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, but it was not unusual to find him sitting in his smoke-filled office here furiously typing a piece for some other magazine. Whatever his ideas or platform, he was his own man, with his own distinctive voice. If he belonged to anything, it was to the polemical tradition of Western letters, and he will be remembered alongside Mencken, Orwell, and James Agee—his literary heroes.

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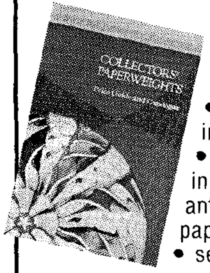

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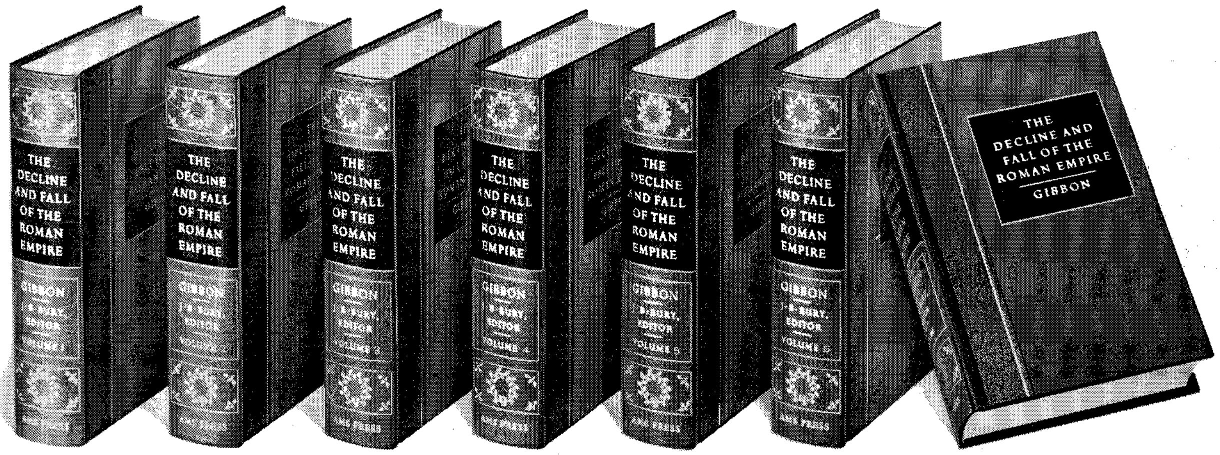
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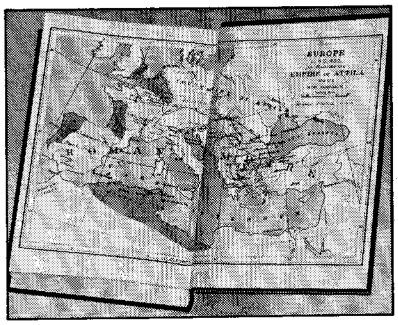

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